



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

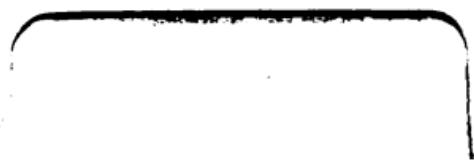
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>













A

COLLECTION OF

DIVINE HYMNS,

OR

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

By SMITH, AND OTHERS:

††††††††††††††††

POUGHKEEPSIE :

PRINTED BY PARACLETE POTTER,

MAIN-STREET,

—1810.



DIVINE HYMNS, &c.

HYMN 1.

A Song of praise.

NOW in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise ;
With all the saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

2. All worlds his glorious pow'r confess,
His wisdom all his words express ;
But O ! his love what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

3. How sov'reign, merciful and free,
Has been his love to sinful me !
He pluck'd me from the jaws of hell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

4. I spurn'd his grace, I broke his laws ;
And then he undertook my cause :
To save me though i did rebel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

5. And since my soul has known his love,
What blessings hath he made me prove !
Mercy which doth all praise excel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

6. Whene'er my Saviour or my God,
Hath on me laid his gentle rod ;

I know in all that has befel,
My Jesus has done all things well.

7. Tho' many a flaming fiery dart,
Attempt their level at my heart ;
With this I all my rage repel—
My Jesus has done all things well.

8. Sometimes the Lord his face doth hide
To make me pray and kill my pride ;
Yet on my heart it still doth dwell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

9. Soon I shall pass this vale of death,
And in his arms resign my breath ;
Yet then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

10. And when to those bright worlds I r
And join the anthem with the skies ;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well:

HYMN 2.

CHRIST the Appletree.
THE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green,
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the appletree.

2. His beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see,
In Jesus Christ the appletree.

3. For happiness I long have sought,
And pleasure dearly I have bought ;

Kiss'd of all, but now I see
I was found in Christ the appletree.

4. I'm wearied with my former toil,
Here I will set and rest a while :
Under the shadow I will be
Of Jesus Christ the appletree,

5. With great delight I make my stay,
There's none shall fright my soul away ;
Among the sons of men I see,
There's none like Christ the appletree.

6. I'll sit and eat this fruit divine,
It cheers my heart like spirit'al wine,
And now this fruit is sweet to me,
That grows on Christ the appletree.

7. This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,
It keeps my dying faith alive ;
Which makes my soul in haste to be
With Jesus Christ the appletree.

—
HYMN 3.

The Farewell.

FAREWELL, my brethren in the Lord,
The gospel sounds a jubilee ;
My stamm'ring tongue shall sound aloud,
From land to land, from sea to sea :
And as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.

1. Farewell ! in bonds and union dear :
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
Humbly beg your earnest pray'r,
Till we shall meet no more to part.—

DIVINE HYMNS, OR

Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.

3. Farewell my earthly friends below;
Tho' all so kind and dear to me ;
My Jesus calls and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee.

To sound the joys and hear the news,
To Gentile worlds and royal Jews.

4. Farewell ye people one and all ;
While God shall grant me breath to breathe,
I'll pray to the eternal all,
That your dear souls in Christ may live ;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.

5. Farewell to all below the sun ;
And as I pass in tears below,
The path is strait my feet shall run,
And God will keep me as I go :
And God will keep me in his hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

6. Farewell, farewell ! I look above ;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call :
My joys, my crown, my only love,
My safeguard here, my hel^l only all :
My theme to preach, my song to sing,
My only joy till death. Amen.

HYMN 4.

The SAVIOUR's Merit.
SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary troubled spirit,
Now finds rest with thee my God.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie ;
Sin nor Satan cannot hurt me,
While my saviour is so nigh.

2. Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises thro' the sky ;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory to the Father give,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Sing his praises all that live !

3. Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit—
Tell the world of his dear name,
That if any want his spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find :
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
He will never cast behind.

4. Now our advocate is pleading
With his father and our God :
And for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now methinks I hear him praying,
" Father ! Save them—I have died ;"
And the Father answers, saying,
" They are freely justified."

Soon we hope to sing more sweetly,
At the marriage of the Lamb,
When the bride is dress'd completely,
It to celebrate the same ;
Our shouts shall then be ringing,
ound the throne of God most high.

SONGS.

6

owning face,
ng place !

oice I heard,
appear'd :
pace,
ng place !

as of vengeance roll;
m pole to pole :
nunt my face,
ng place !

engeance fell,
world to hell ;
a race,
hiding place !

rapid haste,
onstant feast,
of sov'reign grace,
ding place !

N 6.

I am Soldier.

perfect love,
is above ;
ings ;
ul a taste,
ne moments feast
and kings.

I pursue,
he view,
y pant
felt and seen ;

And in sweet melodious singing,
Loud shall echo through the sky.

6. Glory, honor and thanksgiving,
Be unto the Lord our king ;
O ! let every creature living,
The Redeemer's praises sing.
Allelujah, Allelujah !
Now the Lord Jehovah reigns :
Allelujah, Allelujah !
Sing his praise in highest strains.

HYMN 5.

The Hiding Place.

- 1 HAIL sov'reign love that first began,
The scheme to rescue fallen man ;
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place !
- 2 Against the God, that built the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high :
Desp'st the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.
- 3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light ;
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place !
- 4 But lo ! th' eternal council rang,
Almighty love ! arrest the man ;
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.
- 5 Vindictive justice stood in view,
To Sina's fiery mount I flew ;

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

5

But Justice cry'd with frowning face,
This mountain is no hiding place !

1. But lo ! a heav'ly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appear'd :
He led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ my hiding place !

2. Should sev'n fold storms of vengeance roll,
And shake this globe from pole to pole :
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,
While Jesus is my hiding place !

3. On him almighty vengeance fell,
Which else had sunk a world to hell ;
He bare it for his chosen race,
And thus became their hiding place !

4. Roll on, thou sun, in rapid haste,
And bring me to that constant feast,
Where mirthful songs of sov'reign grace,
Are sung to him the hiding place !

HYMN 6.

The Christian Soldier.

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love,
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments featt
With Jesus, priests and kings.

2. The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view,
Of those that barely pant
For things by nature felt and seen ;

DIVINE HYMNS, OR

neir honor, wealth and pleasures meap,
I neither have nor want.

3. Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown ;
I all their goods despise,
I trample on their whole delight
And seek a country out of sight ;
A country in the skies ;

4 There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there ;
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5. I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest ;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,
Receive me to thy breast.

H Y M N 7:

Mysteries to be explained hereafter, JOHN xiii. 7.
GREAT God ! thy providence, thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight !
Wrapt in a penetrable shade,
Or clothed with dazzling light.

2. The wondrous methods of thy grace,
Evade the human eye ;
The nearer we attempt t'approach,
The farther off they fly.

3. But in the world of bliss above,
 Where thou dost ever reign,
 These myst'ries shall be all unveil'd,
 And not a doubt remain.

4. The sun of righteousness shall there
 His brightest beams display,
 And not a hovering cloud obscure
 That never-ending day.

H Y M N 8.

A warning to sinners to flee from the wrath to come.

When pity prompts me to look round,
 Upon this fellow clay :
 See men reject the Gospel sound,
 Good God ! what shall I say ?

3. My bowels yearn for dying men,
 Doom'd to eternal woe ;
 Fain would I speak, but 'tis in vain,
 If God does not speak too.

3. O ! sinners, sinners, won't you hear,
 When in God's name I come !
 Upon your peril don't forbear,
 Lest hell should be your doom.

4. Now is the time, the accepted hour,
 O ! sinner come away ;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.

5. O don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw :
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come
 To execute his law.

Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
If destitute of grace,
Then you your injured judge shall see,
And stand before his face ?

7. O ! could you shun that dreadful sight,
How would you wish to fly
To the dark shades of endless night,
From that all-searching eye ?

8. But death and hell must then give up
Their dead, who will appear
At the last trumpet's awful sound,
Their endless doom to hear.

9. No, yearning bowels—pity then
Shall not affect my heart ;
No, I shall surely say amen,
When Christ bids you depart.

10. Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lead a listening ear ;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

H Y M N 9.

The Soldier of the Cross.

Am I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb ?
Why should I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

2. Are there no foes for me to face ;
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us unto God ?



3. Should I be carry'd to the skies,
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail thro' bloody seas.

4. Yes I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, indure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5. The saints all in this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die ;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6. When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all their armies shine,
With robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

H Y M N 10.

The Grace of God ; or Divine Condescension.

WHEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes,
From towers of haughty kings :

3. He bids his awful chariot roll,
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

3. Why should the Lord that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings ?

Lord, and why such looks of love,
pon such worthless things ?

Mortals be dumb ; what creature dares
Dispute his awful will ?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.

5. Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free ;
Great God how searchless are thy ways !
How deep thy judgments be !

H Y M N 11.

The Justice and Goodness of God.
GREAT GOD my maker and my king,
Of thee I'll speak, of thee I'll sing,
All thou hast done and all thou dost,
Declare thee good, proclaim thee just.

2. Thy ancient thoughts and firm decrees,
Thy threatenings and thy promises,
The joys of heaven the pains of hell,
What angels taste, what devils feel.

3. Thy terrors and thine act of grace.
Thy threaten'ning rod, and smiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
A world undone, a world restor'd.

4. While these excite thy fear and joy ;
While these my tuneful lips employ ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble song,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

HYMN 12.

An Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear ;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.

2. We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all,
Of what we here possess.

3. Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears :
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4. And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5. And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

HYMN 13.

A Hymn for young converts.

1 METHINKS I hear my Saviour call ;
His pleasant voice doth say,
“From tents of ease, and sin, and thrall,
“My fair one, come away.”

2 God's spirit doth his saints adorn
 Like clusters on the vine ;
 O 'tis a bright and glorious morn,
 To see their graces shine.

3 Dear Saviour, here I panting lie,
 And long to see thy face ;
 O Lord, I pray do not deny
 A visit of thy grace.

4 Dear Saviour come, sweet Jesus come,
 I long to hear thy voice ?
 Jesus, ride on, thy pow'r assume,
 And make thy saints rejoice.

5 How long shall that bright hour delay ?
 When will my Lord appear ?
 I long to see that happy day
 When Jesus will draw near.

6 O how I long to take my flight,
 My soul is on the wing ;
 I long to see my heart's delight,
 And be with Christ my King.

7 Most gracious King, I love thy name,
 I long for to adore,
 I long to sound thy gracious fame
 Upon the blissful shore.

8 Then let my soul absorbed be,
 While God doth me surround,
 As a small drop in the vast sea
 Is lost and can't be found.

9 I long thy coming to behold,
 Then shall thy saints adore ;
 My ardent wishes can't be told,
 So I can say no more.

HYMN 14.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold ;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl ;
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
My study long have been :
Such sparkling light, by human sight
Has never yet been seen.

4 If heav'n be thus, glorious Lord,
Why should I stay from thence ?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !

5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
And cause me to ascend [grace,]
Where congregation ne'er breaks up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on, I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet, no more to part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise :
While Jesus's love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the song, free grace.

9 Millions of years around me run,
Our song shall still go on ;
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit three in one.

10 When we've been there a thousand years
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN 15.

The Heavenly Lover.

1 He dies, the heav'nly lover dies,
The tidings strike a doleful sound ;
On my poor heart-string deep he lies,
In the cold caverns of the ground.

2 Come, saints and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God :
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man !
But lo ! what sudden joys I see,
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes his tomb,
Up to his father's heart he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him here,
And shout him welcome to the skies.



children's children, praise your God;
 now in sorrow much bow'd down,
 on shall walk the golden streets
 ere you shall wear a starry crown.

I praise King Jesus through the skies,
 glory, glory, round the throne ;
 mount aloft on eagle's wings—
 I take our flight unto our home.

glad I ever saw the day
 to preach, and sing, and pray;
 glory, glory, in my soul,
 makes me praise my God so bold,

to praise him when I die,
 shout salvation as I fly ;
 glory, glory, thro' the air,
 all my father's children there.

on Mount Zion I shall stand,
 on my head, and harp in hand
 spend a long eternity
 raising on the heav'nly key.

HYMN 16.

The freeness of the Gospel.

free and boundless is the grace
 our redeeming God,
 ling to the Greek and Jew,
 men of every blood !

the mightiest king and meanest slave,
 his rich mercy taste ;

He bids the beggar and the prince
Unto the gospel feast.

3. None are excluded thence, but those
Who do themselves exclude ;
Welc me the learned and polite,
The ignorant and rude.

Come then, ye men of every name,
Of every rank and tongue ;
What you are willing to receive
Doth unto you belong.

HYMN 17.

Going to a new Habitation.

GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raise ;
And there, with humble frame, present
Our sacrifice of praise.

2. To thee we give our health and strength,
While health and strength shall last,
For future mercies humbly trust,
Nor e'er forget the past.

HYMN 18.

Christian under Darkness.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs
Have lost all their sweetness to me.

2 The mid-summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strike in vain to look gay ;



2 But when I am happy in him,
December is pleasant as May.

3 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice :
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

4 I should view him always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

5 Content with beholding his face,
May all to his pleasure resign ;
No changes of seasons or place
Would make any change in my mind.

6 While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace of joy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

7 Lord, if I indeed now am thine,
And thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why is my winter so long ?

8 O drive these dark clouds from the sky,
Thy soul cheering presence restore,
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

HYMN 19.

The peace of a young Christian's life and death:
Blest door of bliss, to weary saints,
Thou art grim death, become ;

Secur'd as in a cabinet,
Their dust is in the tomb.

2 By death they enter to those joys
Prepar'd for them above ;
There they are ever swallowed up
In endless life and love.

3 O ! there they see, as they are seen,
With clear unclouded views :
O there they hear of nothing else
But joyful glorious news.

4 Anthems of joy and praise are there,
With hallelujahs sung ;
Who would be fond of this vain world,
This dross, this dirt, this dung ?

5 The saints forever do behold
Their dearest Jesus' face ;
There always they admiring are
Eternal boundless grace.

6 They're in the house not made with hands,
In heaven eternally
They dwell, and with the rays of Christ
They shine most gloriously.

7 They're freed from labor, sorrow, sin,
From cumbrance, peril pain :
There we shall find what'er we did
For Christ, was not in vain.

8 How Heaven's work is here begun,
The work of singing praise,
The work and will of God in Christ,
Which there will last always.

HYMN 20.

The Weary Traveller.

COME all ye weary travellers,
 Now let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus our great king.
We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome 'tis true ;
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He call'd us unto him,
 And pointed out the danger
 Of falling into sin.

The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 Would prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we did reject them
 By faith and humble pray'r.

3. But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,
 We have had long to wander,
 In a dark wilderness ;
 Where we might long have fainted,
 In that enchanted ground,
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4. The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
 Give life, and joy, and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And love and strength increase,
 To confess our Lord and Master,
 And run at his command,
 And hasten on our journey
 Unto the promis'd land.

5. With faith, and hope, and patience,
 We're made for to rejoice ;
 And Jesus and his people
 Forever are our choice.
 In peace and consolation
 We now are going on,
 The pleasing way to Canaan,
 Where Jesus Christ is gone.

6. Sinners, why stand you idle,
 While we do march along ?
 Has conscience never told you,
 That you are going wrong,
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear an endless curse ?
 Forsake your ways of sinning,
 And come and go with us.

7. But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell ;
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell ;
 We're sorry for to leave you,
 We'd rather you would go ;
 Come, try a bleeding Saviour,
 And see thy waters flow.

8. Now to the king immortal
 Be everlasting praise,
 For in his holy service
 We long to spend our days,
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 The celestial world above,
 With everlasting wonder,
 To praise redeeming love.

HYMN 21.

The Enjoyments of Heaven.

MINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
At there's a nobler rest above ;
So that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Or sin, nor hell shall reach the place ;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break our long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred light, eternal noon.

—
HYMN 22.*A Morning Hymn.*

Now the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come,
Lord we would be thine to day,
Drive the shade of sin away.

Make our souls as noon-day clear,
Anish every doubt and fear ;
In thy vineyard Lord to-day
We would labor, we would pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound,
Rising up and sitting down,
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4. When our work of life is past,
 O receive us then at last ;
 Labor then will all be o'er,
 Night of sin will be no more.

H Y M N 23.

A Hymn for Baptism.

Come ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Come and obey his sacred word,
 He dy'd and rose again for you,
 What more could the Redeemer do ?

2. We to this place are come to show ;
 What we to boundless mercy owe ;
 The Saviour's footsteps to explore,
 And tread the path he trod before.

3. Eternal spirit, heavenly dove,
 On these baptismal waters move ;
 That we through energy divine,
 May have the substance with the sign.

H Y M N 24.

On the Swiftness of Time.

My days, my weeks, my months my years,
 Fly rapid like the whirling spheres,
 Around the steady pole :
 Time like a tide its motion keeps,
 Till I shall launch those boundless deeps,
 Where endless ages roll.

2. The grave is near the cradle scene :
 How swift the moments pass between
 And whisper as they fly,

Thinking man remember this,
You, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan and gasp and die.

My soul attend the solemn call ;
The earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
B'ond the vast extensive blue,
Love and sing as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

Eternal bliss, eternal woe,
Lies on this inch of time below ;
On this precarious breath,
The God of nature only knows,
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

Long ere the sun shall run its round,
May be buried under ground,
And there in silence rot !
As one hour may close the scene
And ere twelve months may roll between
My name be quite forgot.

But shall my soul be then extinct,
Cease to live or cease to think ?
It cannot, cannot be ;
You, my immortal, cannot die,
What wilt thou do or whither fly,
When death shall set thee free :

Will mercy then its arm extend ?
Will Jesus be thy guardian friend,
And heaven thy dwelling place ?
Shall insulting fiends appear
To drag thee down to dark despair,
Beyond the reach of grace ?

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For free and sovereign grace.

2 Behold the spotless Lamb,
Descending from above,
To bring the earthly strangers home,
Upon the wings of love.

3 O may our souls rejoice,
His precepts to obey ;
Who to fulfill all righteousness,
Mark'd out the humble way.

4. Thus Jesus did descend
Into the liquid stream ;
Which teaches sinners not to scorn
What him so well became.

5. O may we then march on,
Nor fear what men shall say ;
Deny ourselves, and take our cross,
Since Jesus leads the way.

6. We dare no longer stand
As neutrals to thy cause,
But by the help of grace we'll yield
Obedience to thy laws.

7. Into the wat'ry tomb,
We cheerfully descend,
In token of our faith and love
To our celestial friend.

8. Lord, meet us here this day,
Who come to do thy will ;
Grant us thy presence, dearest Lord,
Thy promis'd grace fulfil.

descend, O heav'ly Dove,
and wing our souls away,
to that bright and happy shore
everlasting day.

On this day I'll make my choice,
To serve the Lord most high,
myself, take up the cross,
and do it cheerfully.

H Y M N 30.

P R A Y E R.

He was appointed to convey
the blessings God design'd to give ;
as they live should Christians pray,
only whilst they pray they live.

The Christian's prayer 'tis God indites,
speaks as prompted from within,
spirit his petition writes,
Christ receives and gives it in.

And wilt thou in dead silence lie,
when Christ stands waiting for thy prayer ?
Well thou hast a friend on high,
see and try thy interest there.

Pains afflict, if wrongs oppress,
cares distract, if fears dismay,
it dejects, if sins distress,
remedy's before thee—pray.

Prayer supports the soul that's weak,
thought be broken, language lame,
if thou canst or canst not speak,
pray with faith in Jesus' name.

8 Unto thy feet I fall,
 And sov'reign mercy crave ;
 Dear Jesus thou, and thou alone,
 Art able for to save.

9 And whilst the Lord delays,
 My heart begins to break,
 Yet suddenly some joys I feel ;
 I hear a Saviour speak.

10 "Cheer up, for I have died,
 " My precious blood is spilt ;
 "Behold my flowing crimson stream,
 " To wash away your guilt."

11 My fears, and grief and guilt,
 Did instantly depart,
 Strange and surprisingly I felt,
 Wrapt in my Saviour's heart.

12 Strangely my state was chang'd,
 And I began to sing,
 All glory to the God of love,
 Who doth such sweetness bring,

13 I'll praise thee while I live,
 I'll praise thee when I die,
 I'll praise thee when I rise again,
 And to eternity.

—
HYMN 33.

The Christian Enquiry.

'Tis a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thought ;
 Do I love the Lord or no ?
 Am I his or am I not ?



If I love, why am I thus ?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame ?
 Ardly sure can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.

Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove,
 r'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love ?

When I turn mine eyes within,
 All is darkness, vain and wild ;
 ll'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do ;
 ou that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me— is it thus with you ?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin and grief a thrall ?
 ould I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?

Should I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the way I once abhor'd,
 ind at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?

Lord decide this doubtful case,
 Thou who art the people's sun,
 hine upon thy work of grace,
 If indeed it be begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all I'll pray :
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin this day.

H Y M N 34.

Hymn to close Public Worship.

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Tho' we are evil thou art good ;
 Wash all our works in Jesus blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

3 O let a lasting union join
 Our souls to Christ the living vine ;
 And saints below and saints above,
 Join'd by his spirit and his love.

H Y M N 35.

The Judgment Hymn.

THE great tremendous day's approaching
 That awful scene is drawing nigh ;
 Was long foretold by ancient prophets,
 Decreed from all eternity.

2 But O my soul reflect and wonder !
 That awful scene is drawing near,
 When you shall see that great transaction
 When Christ in judgment shall appear.

Ye nature stand all in amazement,
 Hear the last loud trumpet sound,
 Ye dead and come to judgment !
 Nations of this world around,

And thunder rumbling thro' the concave;
 Right forked lighnings part the skies ;
 Heavens a shaking, the earth, a quaking,
 The gloomy sight attracts mine eyes.

The orbit lamps all yeil'd in sackcloth,
 More their shining circuits run ;
 Wheel of time stopt in a moment ;
 Eternal things are now begun.

Large massy rocks and tow'ring mountains,
 Ver their tumbling basis roar ;
 Raging ocean all in commotion,
 Hovering round her frightened shore.

[ble.]
 Green turf y grave-yards and tombs of marble
 Up their dead both small and great ;
 The whole world both saints and sinners,
 Re coming to the judgment seat.

Jesus on the throne of justice,
 Come thundering down the parted skies
 With countless armies of shining angels,
 With hallelujahs, shout for joy.

[sence.]
 Right shining streams from his awful presence
 Is face ten thousand suns out shine,
 told him coming in pow'r and glory,
 To meet him all his saints combine.

[ning.]
 Go forth ye heralds with speed like lightning,
 All in your saints from distant lands,

Those that my blood from hell hath ransom'd
 Whose names in life's fair book doth stand,

11 O come ye blessed of my father,
 The purchase of my dying love ;
 Receive the crowns of life and glory,
 Which are laid up for you above.

12 For your dear souls which have continu'd
 With me, and my temptations bore,
 I have provided for you a kingdom,
 To reign with me forevermore.

13 There's flowing fountains of living water,
 No sickness, pain nor death to fear ;
 No sorrow, sighing, no tears nor weeping,
 Shall ever have admittance there.

14 But how will sinners stand and tremble
 When justice calls them to the bar ;
 Those that reject his offer'd mercy,
 Their everlasting doom to hear.

15 See justice now with indignation,
 Calling aloud for sinner's blood
 Those that have slighted offer'd mercy,
 And crucifi'd the son of God.

16 Depart from me ye cursed sinner !
 My face you never more shall see :
 Be banish'd from my peaceful presence,
 To endless woe and misery.

17 Each guilty soul then struck with horror,
 And anguish throbbing in their breast.
 Forever doom'd to endless sorrow
 And never more to hope for rest.

18 Come sinners hear a faithful warning,
 Return to Jesus while you may,
 For he is ready to forgive you,
 Or else you must depart away.

HYMN 36.

GE THSE MANE:

GREAT high priest, we view thee stooping,
 With our names upon thy breast ;
 In the garden groaning, drooping,
 To the ground with sorrow prest.

2 Weeping angels stood confounded,
 To behold their maker thus :
 And can we remain unwounded,
 When we know 'twas all for us ?

3 On the cross thy body broken,
 Cancels every penal tie,
 Tempted souls produce the token,
 All demands to satisfy.

4 All is finish'd, do not doubt it,
 But believe your dying Lord,
 Never reason more about it,
 Only take him at his word.

5 Lord we fain would trust thee solely,
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
 Praised bridegroom, take us wholly,
 Take and make us what thou wilt.

6 Thou hast born the bitter sentence,
 Past on man's devoted race ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Are thy gifts, thou God of grace.

HYMN 37.

The true penitent.

HARK ! hear the sound on earth is found,
 My soul delights to hear
 Of dying love that's from above,
 Of pardon bought so dear.

2 God's ministers like flames of fire
 Are passing through the land,
 The voice is here "repent and fear,"
 "King Jesus is at hand."

3 God's chariots they no longer stay,
 They're mounted on the truth;
 The saints in pray'r cry Lord draw near,
 Have mercy on the youth.

4 Young converts sing and praise their king,
 And bless God's holy name :
 While older saints true penitents,
 Rejoice to join the theme.

5 God grant a shower of his great pow'r
 On every aching heart,
 Who sincerely to God do cry,
 That they may have a part.

6 Come lovely youth embrace the truth,
 Agree with one accord,
 And use your tongues, while you are young,
 In praising of the Lord.



HYMN 38.

A Hymn for young Converts.

WHEN converts first begin to sing,
 Their happy souls are on the wing,
 Their theme is all redeeming love,
 Fain would they be with Christ above:

th admiration they behold,
ove of Christ that can't be told,
view themselves upon the shore,
hink the battle all is o'er.

ey feel themselves quite free from pain,
think their enemies are slain,
make no doubt but all is well,
satan is cast down to hell.

ey wonder why old saints don't sing,
nake the heavenly arches ring :
with melodious joyful sound,
ise a prodigal is found.

t 'tis not long before they feel
feeble souls begin to reel,
think their former hopes are vain,
hey are bound in Satan's chain.

ie morning that did shine so bright,
ned to the shades of night :
r harps that did with music ring,
now untun'd in ev'ry string.

! foolish child, why didst thou boast
e enlargement of thy coast?
dost thou think to fly away,
re thou leav'st this feeble clay ?

ome, take up arms and face the field,
e, gird on harness, sword and shield,
fast in faith, fight for your king,
soon the vict'ry you shall win.

hen Satan comes to tempt your mind,
i meet him with these blessed lines ;
Christ our lord has swept the field,
we're determin'd not to yield.

The UNION.

From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
It fastens our souls in such ties,
That nature and time can't remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost ;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love ;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be
In yonder blest mansions above.

4 O ! why then so loth for to part,
Since we shall ere long meet again,
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
A distance we cannot remain.

5 And when we shall see that bright day
And join with the angels above,
Leaving those vile bodies of clay,
United with Jesus in love.

6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glory shall see,
Singing hallelujahs, amen,
Amen, even so let it be.

HYMN 40.

CHRIST'S Resurrection.

Christ our Lord has ris'n to-day
 triumphant holy way ;
 so lately on the cross,
 r'd to redeem our loss.

our paschal joy and feast,
 the Lord of life be blest,
 the holy three be prais'd,
 to heaven our songs be rais'd.

Christ our lord has risen to-day,
 st our light, our life, our way,
 object of our love and faith,
 by dying conquer'd death.

the holy martyrs early came
 weep o'er the Saviour's tomb ;
 bright angels did appear,
 said Jesus is not here.

'here is he, O tell us where,
 bless'd residence declare ;
 seek among the dead,
 from these dark regions fled.

First the sacred place behold,
 ipure your dear Lord unfold ;
 n lift your eyes and raise your voice,
 ongs of praise we will rejoice.

aste ye females from the sight.
 e to Gallilee your flight,
 to his disciples say,
 is Christ is ris'n to-day.

8 Heralds of our joy to you
 Grateful thaks and love is due ;
 With songs to God and praises high,
 We'll together magnify.

9 The cross is past, the crown is won,
 The ransom paid and death's sting gone ;
 Let us feast and sing and say,
 Jesus Christ is ris'n to day.

—
 HYMN 41.

CHRIST'S SUFFERING.

THRO'OUT our Saviour's life we trace
 Nothing but shame and deep disgrace ;
 No period else was seen,
 Till he a spotless victim fell.
 Tasting in soul a painful hell,
 Caus'd by the creature Sin.

2 On the cold ground methinks I see
 My Jesus kneel and pray for me ;
 For this I'll him adore ;
 Seiz'd with a chilly sweat thro'out,
 Blood drops did force their passage out,
 Thro' ev'ry opening pore.

3 A crown of thorns his temples bore,
 His back with lashes all was tore
 Till one the bones might see !
 Mocking they push'd him here and there,
 Marking his way with blood and tears,
 Press'd by sin's heavy tree.

4 Thus up the hill he painful came,
 Round him they mock and make their game.

At length his cross they rear ;
 can you see the mighty God
 ut beneath sin's heavy load,
 Without one thankful tear ?

us veiled in humanity,
 es with anguish on the tree !
 What tongue his grief can tell ?
 Shudd'ring rocks their heads decline,
 morning sun refus'd to shine,
 When the Redeemer fell.

out, brethren, shout with songs divine,
 rank the gall to give us wine
 To quench our parching thirst ;
 ohs advance your voices high'r,
 of the lamb, unite the choir,
 To praise your precious Christ.

H Y M N 42.

Final Sin ; or the first and second Adams.

us, our father and our head,
 'ansgress'd, and justice doom'd us death.
 fiery law speaks all despair,
 here's no reprieve no pardon there.

ll a bright council in the skies,
 raphs, the mighty and the wise,
 k ; are you strong to bear the load,
 ne weighty vengeance of a God ?

vain we ask ; for all around
 and silent thro' the heavenly ground ;
 'e's not a glorious mind above,
 ss half the strength, or half the love.

4 But O ! unmeasurable grace !
 The eternal son takes Adam's place ;
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his naked arms and dies.

5 Amazing work ! look down ye skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes ;
 Ye saints below and saints above,
 All bow to this mysterious love,

—
 H Y M N 43.

Running the Christian Race.—PHIL. iii. 12.14

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun,
 And crown'd with victory, at thy feet,
 We lay our laurels down.

HYMN 44.

Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

3 once for sinner's slain,
 1 the dead was rais'd again,
 in heaven is now set down,
 1 his father on the throne.

Here he reigns a king supreme,
 shall also reign with him ;
 let souls be not dismay'd,
 but in his almighty aid.

He has made an end of sin,
 his blood has wash'd us clean ;
 not, he is ever near,
 , e'en now, he's with us here.

Jesus assembling we by faith,
 he come shew forth his death ;
 is body bread's the sign,
 we drink his blood in wine.

Lead thus broken aptly shews,
 his body God did bruise ;
 in the grape's rich blood we see,
 we then remember thee.

Ints on earth and saints above,
 exalte his dying love,
 let every ransom'd soul,
 sing his praise from pole to pole.

HYMN 45.

Come and welcome to JESUS CHRIST.

¶ Come ye sinners poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with pow'r ;
He is able, he is able, he is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

¶ O ! ye needy come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify ;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh ;
Without money, without money, without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy. [ney]

¶ Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness he requires,
Is to feel your need of him :
This he gives you, this he gives you, this he gives you,
'Tis the spirit's rising beams. [gives you.]

¶ Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall ;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all ;
Not the righteous, not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

¶ View him grov'ling in the garden,
Lo your Maker prostrate lies !
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd, it is finish'd, it is finish'd !
Singers will not this suffice ?

Lo th'incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture wholly,
 Let no other trust intrude,
 None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Je-
 Can do helpless sinners good. [sus.]

Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
 While the blissful seat of heaven
 Sweetly echo with his name,
 alleluiah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
 Sinners here may sing the same:

H Y M N 46.

The condescending Love and Mercy of God in fallen man's redemption.

God's power and wisdom are display'd
 In every thing his hands have made ;
 But more his mercy and his grace,
 In saving fallen Adam's race.

The matchless grace and love of God,
 Appears in shedding of his blood,
 For poor apostate Adam's seed,
 Tis condescending love indeed.

Methinks I hear his father say,
 The utmost farthing you shall pay ;
 My injur'd justice must have right,
 I can't abate one single mite.

“ Since you espouse the sinner's cause,
 You must fulfil my righteous laws ;

“ Altho' you are my darling son,
 “ I will have right and justice done.”

5 Hark! how the Saviour then reply'd ;
 “ Since justice must be satisfy'd,
 “ I am your most obedient son ;
 “ My father, let thy will be done.

6 “ I give myself into thy hands,
 “ Let justice have its full demands ;
 “ If all my blood will pay the debt,
 “ Man shan't be lost for want of that.

7 “ If that my life will but atone
 “ For the offence that man has done ;
 “ I freely will resign my breath,
 “ To save their precious souls from death.”

8 Amidst his sorrows for a space,
 His father hid his smiling face,
 Which did extort such bitter cries,
 As fill'd all nature with surprise.

9 Those piercing words *Eli, Eli,*
 Likewise, *Lama Sabachthini !*
 Which our expiring Lord did speak,
 They made the universe to shake.

10 Well might the sun its glory veil,
 And every thing in nature fail
 And blush had they but eyes to see
 Their Maker hanging on the tree.

11 What adamantine heart of stone
 Could hear our Saviour's dying groan,
 And not lament in any shape,
 Except some harden'd reprobate ?

13 How could the spotless lamb of God
 Consent to spill his precious blood,
 To save a stubborn guilty wretch ?
 'Twas love indeed without a match !

13 O ! what is sin, that spawn of hell ?
 Its dreadful nature who can tell ?
 No man on earth, nor Gabriel's tongue,
 Can e'er express what sin has done.

14 God's grace and love to fallen man,
 Our human reach can never scan !
 An angel's tongue can say no more,
 It is a sea without a shore.

15 Arise, ye stupid souls, and view
 What your dear Lord has done for you ;
 And spend the remnant of your days
 In striving to advance his praise,

16 The Father, Son, and Spirit too,
 All praise and honor is their due,
 From spotless angels round the throne,
 And human creatures ev'ry one.

H Y M N 47:

Hardness of heart complained of.

O FOR a glance of heavenly day,
 To take this stubborn stone away,
 To thaw with beams of love divine,
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
 The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
 Of feeling all things shew some sign,
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To read the sorrows thou hast felt,
 Dear Lord, an adamant would melt,
 Yet I can read each moving line,
 And nothing move this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgmen's too unmov'd I hear,
 Amazing thought, which devils fear,
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But something else can do the deed,
 And that dear something much I need,
 Thy spirit can from dross refine,
 And move and melt this heart of mine.

HYMN 48.

The truly enlightened soul in the valley of Humiliation, humbly resigned at the foot of a sovereign God.

THE man that views his guilt and sin,
 With clear enlighten'd eyes,
 He sees how vile a wretch he's been,
 And down in dust he lies.

2 With humble low submission 'tis,
 His soul is brought to say,
 That God the sovereign potter is,
 And he but worthless clay.

3 His views are just and adequate,
 He sees it would be right,
 If God should fix his future state
 In black eternal night.

4 He gives it in both free and frank,
 His all he then resigns,

**He's willing now to sign a blank,
And God should write the lines.**

**5 But yet he can't despair of grace,
He wrestles with his God,
And begs his precious soul might taste
The merits of his blood.**

**6 He pleads the merits of the Lamb,
That his poor soul might live ;
He can't be willing to be damn'd,
Such language he doth give ;**

**7 "The soul's condemn'd to endless flames,
Blaspheme the God above,
While heav'nly saints on highest strains,
Do praise redeeming love.**

**8 "Should I be doom'd to endless woe,
To burn forever more,
I would never pay the debt I owe,
Nor cancel all the score.**

**9 "Ten million years in fire and smoke,
Amidst the livid flame,
Will gain no credit on thy book.
The debt is still the same.**

**10 "But if by Christ my soul is freed,
He will my surety stand,
And every mite will then be paid,
Which justice can demand.**

**11 "If such a brand of fire as I,
Should now be pluck'd from hell,
How would the winged seraphs fly,
Such blessed news to tell.**

12 " To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 What glory would redound ?
 How would the spotless heavenly host,
 Their golden trumpets sound ?

13 " Must I despair of future bliss,
 And so withdraw my suit ?
 No, God forbid, since mercy is
 Thy darling attribute.

14 " My ardent cries shall still ascend,
 While I have power to speak,
 And if I perish in the end,
 I'll die beneath thy feet."

15 The man that's brought to such a case
 Got won't his suit deny ;
 But he will give him saving grace,
 And lift his soul on high.

16 The one in three, and three in one,
 All glory is their due,
 From beings far above the sun,
 And human creatures too.

HYMN 49.

Views of Heavenly Glory.

No pen can write that sweet delight,
 Nor human tongue express ;
 There's none believes nor can conceive
 That joy and happiness :

2 That great degree now show to me,
 Of future joy and peace ;
 When they're reveal'd and not conceal'd,
 My life doth almost cease.

3 Eternal songs of praise belong
 To Christ my Saviour dear ;
And I must sing to Christ my king,
 And honor him with fear.

4 When I sit down to view that crown,
 Laid up for me above,
To meditate and contemplate
 On God's eternal love.

5 My soul doth leap to think how deep
 My Saviour's love hath been ;
I'm carry'd out in thought devout,
 On things that are unseen.

6 This real view appears so true,
 That Jesus is the man,
That did agree with God for me,
 Before the world began.

7 Lord when shall we like angels be,
 And travel through the air ;
And all thy host travel this coast,
 And meet together there.

H Y M N 50.

Death and Eternity.

My thoughts that often mount the skies,
 Go search the world beneath,
Where nature all in ruin lies,
 And owns her sov'reign death.

2 The tyrant how he triumphs here,
 His trophies spread around !
And heaps of dust and bones appear
 Through all the hollow ground.

3 These skulls, what ghastly figures now
How loathsome to the eyes !

These are the heads we lately knew,
So beauteous and so wise.

4 But where the souls, those deathless thin
That left their dying clay ?

My thoughts now stretch out all your ~~wings~~
And trace eternity !

5 O that unfathomable sea !

Those deeps without a shore !
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

6 There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,

While the pale carcass breathless lies
Among the silent graves.

7 " Prepare us Lord, for thy right hand,
" Then come the joyful day,

" Come death and some celestial band,
" To bear our souls away."

H Y M N 51.

The Loving Kindness of the Lord. Isa. LXIII

AWAKE my soul in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
He lov'd me notwithstanding all ;

He say'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great !

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

55

3 Tho' numerous hoste of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble like a glowing cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not,

6 Soon shall I pass this gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh ! may my last expiring breath,
His loving kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

H Y M N 52.

God's Love to his Saints :

1 My God above with smiles of love,
And blissful words will say,
2 Those saints of mine did once incline,
From my commands to stray.

3 " But Christ my son, my only one,
" Was wounded for their sin ;
4 So for his sake I'll pity take,
And make them welcome in.

3 "I'll make them heirs and give them shares
 "And they shall live with me ;
 "I'll give them crowns instead of frowns,
 "And joys eternally."

4 I have a robe above this globe,
 Which Jesus gave to me ;
 'Tis clean and white, it's pure and bright,
 And thus his gift was free.

5 It cost him dear, but he was freer
 Than I was to receive ;
 And he's got more laid up in store.
 For all that will believe.

6 If any those should want to know
 Where Jesus gave me this,
 And ask if he elected me,
 Then I could tell them yes.

7 If Christ made known unto his own,
 What they'll receive at death,
 There's not a saint but what would faint,
 And breathe their dying breath.

II Y M N 53.

Longing for Heaven and Glory.

JESUS I thirst, and go I must,
 I long to be above,
 I long to sing to Christ my king,
 Where oceans flow with love.

2 Ye happy souls that always roll
 In love and joy and peace,
 Which always run through God's dear son,
 Whose love will never cease..



3 You're blest I say and you shall stay
 With Jesus Christ above,
 And always swim along with him,
 In oceans full of love.

4 Glory to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
 Glory to God alone.

—
 H Y M N 54.

The Holiness of God. Isa. viii. 13.

HOLY and reverend is the name
 Of our eternal king,
 Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry,
 Thrice holy let us sing.

2. Heaven's brightest lamps with him com-
 How mean they look and dim ! [par'd]
 The fairest angels have their sports,
 When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
 And truth is his delight :
 But sinners and their wicked ways,
 Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
 Pay O my soul to God ;
 Lift with thy hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name ;
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

HYMN-55.

The Saints Happiness.

SURE God will say, my children stay,
Here's all that you require,
Come drink your fill just what you will,
What more can you desire?

2 O blessed day when God shall say,
" You are my chosen one ;
" It was for you a chosen few,
Cost my beloved son."

3 They have desir'd and have enquir'd,
How God's love came so vast ;
But they may pray eternally,
And lose their aim at last.

4 Lord when shall we like angels be,
And travel thro' the air,
And all thy host travel this coast,
And meet together there.

HYMN 56.

The Soul in the Exercise of Faith.

You saints of light that shine so bright,
Above the lofty skies,
Come sing aloud, since you're endowed
With holy exercise.



2 My soul doth long to sing a song
 Unto my Lord above ;
 And there unite in sweet delight,
 With all the saints in love ;

3 And spend away eternal day,
 In lofty songs of praise,
 And thus engage throughout the age
 Of everlasting days.

4 When I get grace and strength of faith,
 To strike those heavenly notes,
 I'll praise him too as angels do,
 With their sweet warbling throats.

H M N Y 57.

The love of CHRIST to his Saints.

Now who are they who dare to say,
 I've been too kind to these ;
 A right I have to damn or save,
 If men will not believe.

2 Those robes they wear that shine so fair,
 And dazzle like the sun,
 I've kept above wrapt up in love,
 And angels ne'er had one.

3 Dear saints but I was forc'd to die,
 Or you must naked gone ;
 They're made for you, I know they'll do,
 For I have try'd them on.

4 Lord when shall we like angels be,
 And travel through the air ;
 And all thy host travel this coast,
 And meet together there.

HYMN 58.

At the Meeting of Friends.

WELL met dear friends in Jesus' name,
 Come let us now rejoice,
 While we our Saviour's praise proclaim,
 With cheerful hearts and voice.

2 But O ! dear Jesus, Lamb of God,
 Send down the heavenly dove,
 His graces to diffuse abroad,
 To warm our hearts with love.

3 In vain dear Saviour here we meet,
 Except thy face we see ;
 Thy presence makes a heaven most sweet,
 When'er we meet with thee.

4 A dungeon shews a heav'nly dawn
 When there with thee we dwell :
 And when thy presence is withdrawn,
 A palace proves a hell.

5 Then O ! dear Jesus condescend
 To meet us with a smile ;
 Thy spirit's quickning influence send,
 And purge our hearts from guile —

6 That at the close each one may say,
 " We meet not here in vain ;
 " For we have tasted heav'n to-day,
 Nor could we more contain."

H Y M N 59.

At Parting with Friends.

LORD when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heavenly grace ;

**Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
We're loth to leave the place.**

**2 But Father since it is thy will,
That we must part again ;
Yet let thy special presence still,
With every one remain.**

**3 And let us all in Christ be one,
Bound with the cords of love ;
Till we before thy glorious throne,
Shall joyful meet above.**

**4 There void of all distracting pains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;
But in seraphic, endless strains,
Redeeming love admire.**

**5 All sin and sorrow from each heart,
Shall then forever fly ;
Nor shall a thought that we must part,
Once interrupt our joy.**

**6 And thus to all eternity,
Upon the heavenly shore,
The great mysterious One in Three,
Jehovah we'll adore.**

HYMN 60.

ANOTHER.

**Now, Lord tho' we must part a while,
Upon the sacred road ;
Yet let thy face upon us smile,
And keep us close to God.**

2 And if again on earth we meet,
Lord let us meet with thee ;
And let thy gracious presence sweet,
From bondage set us free.

3 This, only this we humbly crave,
While earth is our abode,
That we with Christ and saints may have,
Communion on the road.

4 For since our fellowship below,
Affords such joy and love,
We long its full extent to know,
When we shall meet above.

5 And Lord let this excite us on,
To keep the narrow way ;
Till we shall meet around thy throne,
To spend an endless day.

6 Celestial dove, our souls inspire,
Maintain this flame of love ;
Till we shall meet that glorious choir
Of worshipers above.

H Y M N 61.

Advice to Youth, from Eccl. xii.

Now is the time, O lovely youth,
To think on our creator God ;
Attend the words of sacred truth,
While in the day of youthful blood.

2 This is the only way to find
The paths of peace and endless joy ;
The way to store your youthful mind
With pleasure that will never cloy.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

3 But if you foolishly delay,
And hearken to the tempter's breath,
To walk in the destructive way,
Till age comes on or sudden death.

4 O think what dreadful risk you run,
You hazard your immortal soul,
To be eternally undone,
And plung'd where endless sorrows roll.

5 Behold the wretch advanc'd in years,
And with his years grown old in sin ;
No more repentance now appears,
Than when his life did first begin.

6 Lo still upon this horrid brink
Of everlasting wrath he goes ;
Anon with horror down to sink,
Into the gulf of endless woes.

7 Young sinners then a warning take,
Now in your precious days of youth :
All flatt'ring vanities forsake,
And take th' advice of sacred truth.

H Y M N 62.

A Hymn on the Preciousness of Christ.

The name of Christ, how sweet it sounds,
How sweet the mention of his wounds,
How good, how excellently good,
Is the dear name of Jesus' blood.

2 What makes it so to me is this,
All that's in Christ my portion is ;
I'm his, and shall forever be,
And all he has is made to me.

3 O ! what a great estate have I—
 A heaven to all eternity ;
 I'm rich, the Lamb hath made me so,
 Nor can I greater riches know.

4 O Law, I dread thy threats no more,
 My Saviour yonder paid my score ;
 His blood I know has blotted all,
 The hand against me on the wall.

5 The promises I glad look o'er,
 And thankfully the Lamb adore ;
 For when he dy'd he left his will,
 And these his legacies reveal'd.

6 What did my Saviour at his death,
 To me, unworthy me, bequeath ?
 His life, his death, his wounds and blood,
 He left me, when he went to God.

7 His new eternal testament,
 I read, and much sweet time is spent,
 In searching every verse and line ;
 How much my Jesus' will is mine,

8 My dear testator will I bless,
 While wearing his pure righteousness ;
 He dy'd and left me this, I'll tell,
 Or I had naked gone to hell.

9 His sacred name I'll still adore,
 And praise my Jesus more and more ;
 My heart, my tongue his praise shall pro
 In earth below and heaven above.

10 O ! the vast debt of love I owe,
 My soul in time can ne'er bestow ;
 Eternity, it has no bound,
 So let my praise to thee be found.

H Y M N 63:

On GRACE.

H EAVENLY thoughts create my song,
 And set my soul on fire,
And glide my pleasing thoughts along,
 To join the heavenly choir.

2 While trav'ling through this desert land,
 My weary soul shall rest ;
Guided by Jesus's gentle hand,
 To lean upon his breast.

3 Here I will ease my burden'd mind,
 And tell him all my grief ;
From Jesus' blood my soul shall find
 The streams of sweet relief.

4 I'll lay me down within his arms,
 And view his lovely face ;
As one o'ercome by sovereign charms,
 And lost in his embrace.

5 Here I'll behold, with joy divine,
 The springs of rising bliss,
And joy to see that Christ is mine,
 And view that I am his.

6 The views of my dear bleeding king,
 Strike an immortal flame ;
Raptur'd with joy, my soul shall sing
 The praise of Jesus' name.

7 Shall sing like the redeemed throng,
 Of my incarnate God ;
His love shall be my ceaseless song,
 Who wash'd me in his blood.

8 High on the throne my Saviour reigns,
 Angels adore my king ;
 In lofty, sweet seraphic strains,
 My Saviour's praise they sing.

9 There I'll adore my dying God,
 And bow before his face ;
 I'll sing of Jesus' wounds and blood,
 And praise victorious grace.

10 Amidst the eternal sacred true,
 Among the starry plains,
 My soul shall sing as angels do,
 In Sweet celestial strains.

11 The heavenly flame shall still aspire,
 Before my Saviour's thone ;
 His love shall feed the sacred fire,
 To praise the holy one.

HYMN 64.

A soul's view ; or partaking of the Lord's Supper.

THE table spread my soul there spies,
 The victim bleeds, the Saviour dies,
 In anguish on the tree !
 I hear his dying groans ! I prove
 His bleeding heart his dying love,
 He dy'd, my soul for thee.

2 The table's spread—the royal food
 Is Jesus' sacred flesh and blood,
 A feast of love divine ;
 His bleeding heart ! his dying groans !
 His sacred blood for sin atones—
 Atoned, my soul, for thine.

3 The feast is spread with bleeding hands,
 Bedew'd with blood ; and lo ! it stands
 To fill the hungry mind ;
 'Tis free, and whosoever will,
 May feast his soul and drink his fill,
 And grace and glory find :

4 Whilst at the table sits the king,
 Raptur'd with joy my soul shall sing,
 With an immortal flame ;
 My Saviour's grace I'll still adore,
 With joy I'll love him more and more,
 And bless his sacred name.

5 O sacred flesh ! O solemn feast !
 When Christ my Lord, the royal guest,
 Is at his table found ;
 This adds new glory to my joy—
 It bids me sing, and well I may,
 It makes my bliss abound.

6 'Tis thus my soul by faith is fed,
 On angels' food with living bread,
 And manna from above—
 On sacred flesh, on dying blood !
 I feast till I am full of God,
 And drink the wine of love,

7 It is an early antipast,
 Of heavenly bliss it is a taste,
 A taste on earthly ground.
 If here so sweet—If here we prove
 Seraphic joy—celestial love,
 In heay'n what will be found ?

HYMN 65.

Redemption found in Jesus, under the idea of an anchor cast in a storm. HEB. IV. 10.

Now I have found the ground, wherein
 My soul's sure anchor may remain ;
 The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
 Before the world's foundation slain,
 Whose mercy sha'l unshaken stay,
 When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 Father thine everlasting grace,
 Our scanty thoughts surpasses far ;
 Thy heart's ill melts with tenderness—
 Thy arms of love still open are,
 Returning sinners to receive,
 That mercy they may taste and live.

3 By faith I plunge me in this sea.
 Here is my hope my joy and rest ;
 'Tis here when hell assaults I flee,
 And look into my Saviour's breast ;
 Away sad doubts and anxious fear,
 Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,
 Tho' strength and health and friends be
 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead— [gone,]
 Tho' every comfort be withdrawn,
 On thee my steadfast soul relies ;
 Father thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground, I will remain,
 Tho' my heart burn flesh decay,
 This an hor shall my soul sust in,
 When earth's foundations melt away,
 When I pow'r I then shall prove,
 I stand in an everlasting love.

What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day—
 y springs of life when parch'd with drought,
 My wine to cheer, my bread to stay—
 y shield, my strength, my safe abode—
 y palace, Saviour, and my God.

H Y M N 66.

Gospel ministers' call, or commission.

thus saith the Lord your master dear,
 O ye his servants whoni he sends
 o preach his gospel far and near,
 E'en to the world's remotest ends.

“ Go forth ye heralds in my name,
 “ Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound.;
 The glorious jubilee proclaim,
 “ Where'er the human race is found;

“ Convince a world of sinners blind,
 “ And shew them where their danger lies;
 The broken hearted careful bind,
 “ And wipe the tears from weeping eyes,

“ Be wise as serpents where you go,
 “ Yet harmless as the peaceful dove :
 And let your whole deportment show,
 “ That you're commission'd from above,

“ And as you freely have receiv'd,
 “ E'en so to others freely give ;
 So shall your message be believ'd,
 “ And many dying sinners live.”

“ Master thy word we have obey'd,
 (Said Christ's sweet messengers of peace)

“ And lo, the devils are dismay'd,
“ Trembling they flee before our face

7 Oh ! if I had an angel's voice,
· And could be heard from pole to pole
I would to all the listening world,
Proclaim thy goodness to my soul.

8 O happy servants of the Lord,
Who thus their Master's will obey,
Immensely great is the reward,
They shall receive another day.

—
HYMN 67.

Divine Fortitude.

Dost thou dear Jesus suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

2 Forbid it Lord that I should dread,
To suffer shame or loss ;
But in thy footsteps let me tread,
And glory in thy cross.

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold ;
Let knowledge, faith and meekness sit
Nor love nor zeal grow cold.

4 Say to my soul why dost thou fear
The face of feeble man ?
Behold the heavenly Captain's here,
Before thee in the van.

O how my soul would up and run,
 At this reviving word,
 For any painful suff'rings shun,
 To follow thee my Lord.

For this let men reproach, defame,
 And call me what they will ;
 I may glorify thy name,
 And be thy servant still.

To thee I cheerfully submit,
 And all thy pow'rs resign ;
 Let wisdom point out what is fit,
 And I'll no more repine.

P A U S E.

I'll cheerfully take up the cross,
 And follow thee my Lord,
 Submit to tortures, shame and loss,
 At thy commanding word.

But this I promise to fulfil,
 Through thy assisting grace,
 For I am pow'rless and a weak will,
 I must with shame confess.

But let thy grace sufficient be,
 In ev'ry time of need ;
 Then Lord I'll boldly fight for thee,
 And every time succeed.

—
 H Y M N 68.

The rich provision of the Gospel,
 Jesus thy blessings are not few,
 Nor is thy gospel weak ;

Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And heal the dying Greek.

2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow ;
It's not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share ;
No mortal has a just pretence,
To perish in despair.

4 Come all ye wretched sinners come,
He'll form your souls anew ;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

5 His doctrine is almighty love ;
There's virtue in his name,
To turn a raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

6 O could we raise a song of praise,
Half equal to his love ;
The heav'ns would ring, while we should
Thro' all the courts above.



H Y M N 69.

A Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
 In the ways your fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Oh ! ye banish'd seed be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made ;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flocks and bless,
 You on Jesus' arms shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepar'd,
 There's your kingdom and reward.

5 O ! ye brethren, joyful stand,
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, your Father's son,
 Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord obed'ently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

H Y M N 70.

Celestial Watering.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us Lord a gracious rain,
 All will come to dissolution,
 Unless thou return again.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Shine upon us from on high ;
 Lest for want of thy assistance,
 Ev'ry plant will droop and die,

4 Surely once the garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
There thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fir'd with zeal, and love and truth;
Old professors tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!

6 Some in whom our souls delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some alas, we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants to sight how pleasant,
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But they cause us grief at present,
Frost has nipt them in the bud.

8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
O ! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.

9 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'r;
Let each one esteem thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snare.

10 Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the stony hearts to flesh;
Now begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

H Y M N 71.

Wonders of Redeeming Love.

1 Now begin thy heavenly theme,
 Come, sing aloud in Jesus' name,
 Come, you who Jesus' kindness prove,
 Come, triumph in redeeming love.

2 Come you, alas ! who e'er have been
 The willing slaves of death and sin ;
 Come now, from bliss no longer rove,
 Stop, stop and taste redeeming love.

3 Come, mourning souls, dry up your tears,
 And banish all your guilty fears ;
 And see the guilt secure remov'd,
 'Tis cancel'd by redeeming love.

4 Come, welcome, all by sin opprest,
 Come, welcome to this sacred rest ;
 There's nothing brought him from above,
 Nothing but true redeeming love.

5 'Tis he subdues th' infernal pow'rs,
 And his tremendous foes are ours ;
 Our foes are from his empire drove,
 He's mighty in redeeming love.

6 Come hither and your music bring,
 Come, strike aloud your joyful string ;
 Come mortals, join the praise above,
 He's mighty in redeeming love.

7 Come you, who live in Babylon,
 Come, hear the voice of Christ the son,
 Arise, my fair one and my dove,
 Come and taste redeeming love.

8 The angels that before him stand,
They go and come at his command ;
Tho' they are seated high above,
Never will taste redeeming love.

9 O ! ye bright angels, it is true,
That I shall surely out-do you ;
When I shall reign with him above,
Then I shall sing redeeming love.

—
H Y M N 72.

The fair Mansions.

We in this tabernacle mourn,
For immortality ;
Burden'd with sin, we daily groan,
And long to be set free.

2 We view this world not as our home,
But sojourn in a vale ;
We seek a city yet to come,
Where joy shall never fail.

3 We have an house above the sky,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space ;
Where we shall dwell eternally,
To see our Saviours face.

4 Roll on, roll on our peaceful years,
And bring our souls to rest ;
Where troubles end, and doubts and fears
No more disturb our breast.

3 Then we shall bid a long farewell,
To all these fleeting things ;
Our clay on earth we leave to dwell,
To mount on sacred wings.

6 Swifter than thought we soar on high,
Above those twinkling stars ;
Pass through the regions of the sky,
And all those rolling spheres.

7 The sun ere long will disappear,
And sinners feel their loss ;
While we ascend thro' yielding air,
And steer th' eternal course.

8 Now winged time is known no more,
Eternity begins ;
Our souls have gain'd the heav'nly shore,
And view the amazing scenes.

9 Their songs begin to sound so sweet,
Our raptur'd souls on fire,
To bow around our Saviour's feet,
And join the heav'nly choir.

10 Unnumber'd years shall gently roll,
And each increase their bliss ;
When God shall say unto each soul,
Come, dwell where Jesus is.

11 Then will our blessed Jesus come,
And bid the dead arise ;
And call his weary children home,
To mansions in the skies.

12 Where sin and sorrow all shall cease,
And tears be wip'd away ;
And nothing shall disturb our peace,
To one eternal day.

5 We sing the garden and the tree,
 Red with the blood that cries for peace
 Heav'n echos back, as pleas'd in thee
 To shew its glories and its grace.

6 We sing a note that high prevails,
 Above the angels free from sin,
 Who cannot taste the love that heals,
 The sweets of conscience thus made clear

7 Thy love O Jesus is the theme,
 The song of saints shall ever grow ;
 All ages to the church proclaim,
 How sweetly doth their numbers flow,

8 Here shall the guilty who has lost
 The divine favor by his sin,
 Find worth that he can safely trust,
 A righteousness to glory in.

—♦—
 HYMN 76.

The fight of Faith.

OMNIPOTENT Lord, my Saviour and king,
 Thy succour afford, thy righteousness bring;
 Thy promises bind thee compassion to have
 O now let me find thee mighty to save.

2 Rejoicing in hope and patient in grief,
 To thee I look up for certain relief ;
 I fear no denial, no danger I fear,
 Nor start from the trial if Jesus is near.

3 I every hour in jeopardy stand,
 But thou art my pow'r and holdest my hand
 I wait—I am calling—thy succour I feel,
 It saves me from falling, or plucks me from
 hell.

¶ On Jesus my Saviour I then will rely,
 All evils before his presence shall fly ;
 When I find my Saviour my fears shall de-
 part,
 And Jesus forever shall reign in my heart.

H Y M N 77:

To be sung before going into Public Worship.

THE Saviour meets his flock to day,
 Shall I in sloth abide at home ?
 Shall I behind the people stay ?
 When Jesus calls there still is room.
 I'll go—it is a place of pray'r ;
 Who knows but God may meet me there ?

¶ To day Immanuel feeds his saints,
 And here the christians find their king —
 They lay open their complaints,
 And here the Saviour's praise they sing ;
 Into their number I'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

¶ How long did faithful Anna wait,
 And sought the Lord full fourscore years,
 Both day and night the temple gate
 She watch'd, with many sighs and tears,
 And scarcely left the house of pray'r
 Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

¶ Dear Saviour then permit me pow'r,
 And like the saints I'll watch for thee,
 Content till the appointed hour,
 When thou shalt be reveal'd in me ;
 Daily my soul within thy gate,
 Shall for thy gracious presence wait.

6 Remove temptation, O my Lord,
 And let mine enemies be slain,
 Who would withdraw me from my word,
 And plunge me in the world again ;
 And when the bridegroom shall appear,
 O ! may my soul be found in prayer.

HYMN 78.

Guilt and Distress inseparable companions.

SIN is the fatal cause of woe,
 The spring from whence our troubles flow
 Yet when we take a view
 Of those who sin in every breath,
 Yet feel no check in life and death,
 We scarce believe it true.

2 Thousands around seem highly bless'd,
 Who treat religion 'as a jest,
 A fable or a song ;
 Down life's impetuous streams they glide
 Favor'd with canvass, wind and tide,
 And smoothly float along.

3 By pleasure's flow'ry bank they steer,
 No trouble feel nor can they fear,
 But laugh and sing and play ;
 Till deep they plunge in endless night,
 Without one drop of sweet delight,
 Or glimps of op'ning day.

4 O sad exchange ! O wretched state !
 How they can feel (when 'tis too late)
 What they have heard in vain :
 Despair and anguish dwell within,
 The bitter, bitter fruits of sin,
 And make them roar with pain !

their groans emphatic loud complain,
 ; guilt that caus'd their grief and shame,
 d freely they confess,
 bitter pill was candy'd o'er,
 ; all indulgence just before,
 : now 'tis all distress.

re they would own—but I forbear,
 quit those regions of despair ;
 I now would ask the saints,
 uilt be harmless, tell me why
 se trickling tears, that heaving tigh,
 nd whence those sad complaints ?”

hen sin that viper, you carress,
 ng remorse and keen distress
 edily make you smart ;
 hat which hides the Saviour's face,
 ; his frowns, suspends his grace,
 d wounds you to the heart.

en griefs like mighty torrents roll,
 ie poor agonizing soul
 s bleeding on the rack ;
 ound of duty's trodden still,
 is like aboring up a hill,
 th mountains on the back.

e Guilty scene such anguish brings,
 the poor soul and clips its wings,
 d drags it from the skies ;
 Jesus dress'd in love appears,
 ves the guilt and wipes the tears
 om the beclouded eyes ;

Christians ! never hope to meet
 easures sinful tasting sweet,
 bid them all adieu ;

3 " But hark ! methinks I hear you say,
 " I'm an unworthy soul,
 " I've sinn'd my day of grace away,
 I " hear his thunders roM.

4 " My sins are of a crimson dye,
 " And I'm a captive led ;
 " Can such a sinful soul as I,
 " Be from this bondage freed ?

5 " Now I deserve the lowest hell,
 " Who spurn'd his offer'd grace ;
 " And tempting others to rebel,
 " Provok'd him to his face."

6 Stop trembling soul and hear me tell,
 The wonders of his love ;
 He snatch'd me from the brink of hell,
 And rais'd my soul above.

7 Hark ! hear the blessed Jesus say,
 " Poor soul you need not doubt ;
 " The soul that will come unto me,
 " I'll in no wise cast out."

8 If ever any trembling soul,
 That unto Jesus come,
 Had e'er been banish'd or cast off,
 I must have been the one.

9 But God has mercy yet in store,
 For all that will believe :
 You need not fear because you're poor,
 That he will you decieve.

10 Come now and take him at his word,
 He will not angry be ;

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

91

**Put your whole trust in Christ the Lord,
And he will set you free.**

H Y M N 81.

The soul's confidence in God's faithfulness.
**This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
Which knows neither measure nor end.**

**3 'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.**

H Y M N 82.

To all saints who put their trust in the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

**My brethren all remember well,
That your sweet Jesus is your all,
Of grace and truth brim full he is,
For those who feel their emptiness.**

**2 Christ is your wisdom, righteousness,
Your strength, your holiness and peace,
Your head, your hope, your joy also,
Your all to God, your all to you.**

**3 His fullness yours, what can you need,
Nothing but faith thereon to feed :
And faith to you himself will give,
Rely on him and to him live.**

**4 Then oh ! be free with this your friend,
His fulness you can never spend ;**

15 DIVINE HYMNS, OR

Let all your wants be laid on him,
And he will fill you to the brim.

5 The more by faith on Christ you live,
The more to him you glory give ;
The more with Christ your soul is free,
The more to him you'll welcome be.

6 Such is his boundless grace and love,
He'll joy that you his fulness prove ;
So shall your joy in him be full,
Who is your everlasting all.

HYMN 83.

Buy the Truth and sell it not.

The worth of truth no tongue can tell
'Twill do to buy but not to sell ;
A large estate that soul has got,
That buys the truth and sells it not.

2 Truth, like a diamond, shines most fair,
More rich than pearls and rubies are—
More worth than gold and silver coin,
O ! may it always in us shine.

3 'Tis truth that binds and truth makes free
And sets the soul at liberty,
From sin and Satan's heavy chain,
And then within the heart doth reign.

4 They have a freedom then indeed,
That doth all freedom else exceed—
Freedom from guilt, freedom from woe,
And never more shall bondage know.

6 One word of caution to the young,
Who never had God's praises sung ;
Give up to Christ before's too late,
Or else in hell you'll have your fate.

7 Down with the hellish devils there,
Lock'd down in horror and despair ;
But Oh ! the formidable cries,
That fill the earth and reach the skies.

8 They turn their eyes to heaven and see,
Where all the righteous people be ;
Look down into a gaping hell,
See where the devil's host doth dwell:

9 This heaven is a happy place,
Where ev'ry soul is fill'd with grace ;
This hell it is a place of spite,
Where sorrows there are infinite.

10 Come mind the words which I have penn'd
Lest down to hell God should you send ;
The place I will describe once more,
'Tis where the devils always roar.

H Y M N 89.

Invitation to sin sick souls to come to Jesus for relief.

COME sinners now approach your God,
With new melodious songs ;
Behold the treasures of his blood,
Have cleans'd a num'rous throng.

9 See Jesus stand with open arms,
Inviting you to come ;
Hear how his mercy sweetly charms,
And tells you there is room.

H Y M N 85.

The name of Christ most sweet.

THAT name to me sounds ever sweet,
Where grace and truth doth always meet,
Where righteousness doth peace embrace,
And opens wide a store of grace.

2 A meeting place it is indeed,
Where mercy meets the sinner's need,
And opens wide a gracious store,
Sufficient to relieve the poor.

3 Hark ! don't you hear the heavenly call,
It soundeth loud, it is to all—
To high and low to bond and free,
That none may say, "tis not for me."

4 " Ha ! ev'ry one that thirsts (he cries).
Here's wine and milk in large supplies ;
Come now to me and drink your fill,
'Tis free for whosoever will.

5 " Come now receive, I ask no pay,
But freely give it all away,
To all that do my word believe,
And freely now my grace receive."

H Y M N 86.

God blessed for all things.

BLESSED be God for all,
For all things here below ;
For pain, and grief, and joy, and thrall,
To my advantage grow.

3 Blessed be God for shame,
 For slander and disgrace,
 Welcome reproach for Jesus name,
 Like flint Lord set my face.

4 Blessed be God for loss,
 For loss of earthly things ;
 For every scourge and ev'ry cross
 Me nearer Jesus brings.

4 Blessed be God for want,
 For want of health and food ;
 I live by faith and scorn to faint,
 For all things work for good.

5 Blessed be God for pain,
 Which tears my flesh like thorns ;
 It crucifies my carnal mind,
 To God my soul returns.

6 Blessed be God for doubts,
 Which he hath overcome ;
 My soul in full assurance shouts,
 Of being soon at home.

7 Blessed be God for fears
 Or sin and death and hell ;
 When Christ who is my life appears,
 In glory I shall dwell.

8 Blessed be God for friends,
 Blessed be God for foes,
 Blessed be God whose gracious ends,
 No finite creature knows.

9 Blessed be God for life,
 Blessed be God for death,
 Blessed be God for joy and grief,
 I welcome all through faith.

H M N Y 87.

CHRIST, the all-sufficient Saviour.

I AM THAT I AM,
Saith Christ the dear lamb ;
What think ye O sinners,
Of this wond'rous name ?

2 If now you enquire,
With earnest desire,
And say O to know him
Our hearts are on fire—

3 My master replies,
I AM, will suffice
Thy wants O poor sinner,
Who unto him flies.

4 I am to the blind
The light of the mind,
And feet to the cripple,
And strength shall they find,

5 If sin is thy grief,
I am thy relief,
A Saviour I am, to
Poor sinners the chief.

6 O Sinners, give ear,
What fulness is here ?
Q ! who would not come to
A Saviour so dear ?

7 He saw from his throne
Poor sinners undone :
And their lives to ransom,
He gave up his own.

8 He came from above
 The cause to remove :
 And yet shall we slight such
 Unspeakable love ?

9 If we like the Jews,
 His kindness refuse,
 'Tis plain that destruction
 We wilfully chuse.

10 But O ye oppress'd,
 Whom sin hath distress'd,
 Come, come unto Jesus,
 And you shall have rest.

11 Methinks one doth cry,
 " Such a Sinner am I,
 I dare not, I dare not
 To Jesus draw nigh."

12 Christ answers again,
 " Thy doubting refrain,
 Come, come unto me, and
 I'll purge ev'ry stain.

13 " Whate'er is my case,
 Come now and embrace
 My precious salvation,
 And thou shalt have peace."

H Y M N 88.

The Wandering Pilgrim.

WANDERING Pilgrims, mourning Christians,
 Weak and tempted lambs of Christ,
 Who endure great tribulation,

And with sins are much distress'd ;
 Christ has sent me to invite you,
 To a rich and costly feast ;
 Let no shame no pride prevent you,
 Come the sweet provision taste.

2 If you have a heart lamenting,
 And bemoan your wretched case, •
 Come to Jesus Christ repenting,
 He will give you gospel grace ;
 If you want a heart to fear him,
 Love and serve him all your days,
 Only come to Christ and ask him,
 He will guide your feet always.

3 If your heart is unbeliefing,
 Doubting Jesus' pard'ning love,
 Lay hard by Bethesda waiting,
 Till the troubled waters move ;
 If no man appears to help you,
 All their efforts prove but talk ;
 Jesus, Jesus he will cleanse you,
 Rise, take up your bed and walk.

4 If like Peter you are sinking,
 In the sea of unbelief ;
 Wait with patience, always praying,
 Christ will send you sweet relief ;
 He will give you grace and glory,
 And your wants shall be supply'd,
 Cana'n, Cana'n lies before you,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.

5 Death shall not destroy your comfort,
 Christ shall guard you thro' the gloom
 Down he'll send a heav'nly convoy
 To convey you to his home ;

There you'll spend your days in pleasure,
 Free from ev'ry want and care ;
 Come, oh ! come, my blessed Saviour,
 Fain my spirit would be there.

H Y M N 89.

The slow Traveller.

1 Oh ! happy soul how fast you go,
 And leave me here behind ;
 Don't stop for me, for now I see,
 The Lord is just and kind.

2 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
 And I'll come after you ;
 Tho' I'm behind, yet I can find,
 I'll sing hosanna too.

3 God give you strength that you may run,
 And keep your footsteps right ;
 Tho' fast you go, and I so slow,
 You are not out of sight.

4 When you get to those worlds above,
 And all their glories see ;
 When you get home your work is done,
 Then look you out for me.

5 For I will come fast as I can,
 Along the way I'll steer ;
 Lord give me strength, I shall at length
 Be one amongst you there.

6 There altogether we shall be,
 Together we shall sing ;
 Together we shall praise our God,
 And everlasting king.

HYMN 90.

An Invitation to Sinners.

COME to the glorious gospel feast,
Ho! ev'ry one that will!
O come ye starving souls, and taste
Those joys that none can tell.

2 Arise ye mortals that are sad
And bord'ring on despair,
Lo there is balm in Gilead,
And a physician there.

3 Look to the Saviour's bleeding side,
Behold the purple gore;
It was for wounded souls he dy'd,
The sin sick to restore.

4 Behold him on the cursed tree,
With arms extended wide,
For sinners such as you and me
The bleeding Saviour dy'd.

5 'Tis finish'd said his dying breath,
And conquer'd death and hell,
That rebels doom'd to endless death,
Might in his bosom dwell.

6 Come then receive his grace and tell
The wonders of his love;
Till we arise with him to dwell,
In the bright worlds above.

7 No sin nor foe shall there annoy,
Or wound your peaceful breast;
But boundless love, unmixed joy,
And everlasting rest.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

101

H Y M N 91.

Farewell to all but Christ.

Well vain world, I bid adieu,
Ur glories I despise ;
Friendship I no more pursue,
Ur flatteries are but lies.

u promise happiness in vain,
r can you satisfy ;
highest pleasures turn to pain,
d all your treasures die.

d I the Indies, East and West,
d riches of the sea ;
out my God I could not rest,
r he is all to me.

en let my soul rise far above ;
faith I'll take my wing,
ne eternal realms of love,
here saints and angels sing,

ere's love and joy that will not waste ;
d treasures that endure ;
e's pleasures that will always last,
hen time shall be no more.

H Y M N 92.

A Morning Song.

», in the morning I will send
y cries to reach thine ear ;
i art my father and my friend,
y help forever near.

lead me, keep me all this day,
ar thee in perfect peace ;

Help me to watch, and pray,
To pray and never cease.

3 I know my roving feet will err,
Unless thou be my guide :
Warn me of every foe and snare,
And keep me near thy side.

4 Then shall I pass all danger safe,
And tread the tempter down ;
My trust, my hope, joy and relief,
Shall be in thee alone.

5 Then let my moments smoothly run
And sing my hours away ;
Till evening shades and setting sun
Conclude in endless day.

HYMN 93.

A Crumb for Pilgrims.

Go on, ye pilgrims, while below,
In the sure path of peace :
Determin'd nothing else to know,
But Jesus and his grace.

2. Observe your leader, follow him :
He through this world has been
Often revil'd, but like a lamb,
Did ne'er revile again.

3. O take the pattern he has giv'n,
And love your enemies ;
And learn the only way to heav'n,
Through self denial lies.

4 Remember you must watch and pray,
 While journeying on the road :
 Lest you should fall out by the way,
 And wound the cause of God.

5 Contend for nothing but the fruit,
 That feeds the immortal mind ;
 For fruitless leaves no more dispute,
 But leave them to the wind.

6 Go on rejoicing night and day,
 Your crown is yet before ;
 Defy the trials of your way,
 The storm will soon be o'er.

7 Then you shall reach the promis'd land,
 With all the ransom'd race,
 And join with all the glorious band,
 To sing redeeming grace.

H Y M N 94.

Longing for Christ.

Q. COULD I find from day to day,
 A nearness to my God ;
 Then should my hours glide sweet away,
 And live upon thy word.

2 Lord I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus come and rule my heart,
 And I'll be wholly thine :
 And never never more depart,
 For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

5 Thro' boundless grace I then shall spend
An everlasting day,
In the embraces of my friend,
Who took my guilt away.

6 That worthy name shall have the praise,
To whom all praise is due :
While angels and archangels gaze,
On scenes forever new,

HYMN 95.

The Backslider returning

1 O what a cruel wretch am I,
To leave my Jesus so !
And now without his smiles I lie,
And know not where to go.

2 Once I enjoy'd his smiling face,
But did not think so soon,
I should go mourning in distress,
And all my comforts gone.

3 Not all the glories of this earth,
Can do me any good :
My soul abhors all carnal mirth,
And groans to find my God.

4 O should I see his face again,
I'd tell him all my woe,

Confess how guilty I have been
 To leave my Jesus so.

5 Then I will clasp him in my arms,
 And he shall have my heart ;
 And earth with all her treach'rous charms,
 Forever shall depart.

H Y M N 96.

Complaining.—The good that I would, I do not.

I would but cannot sing,
 I would but cannot pray ;
 For Satan meets me when I try,
 And frights my soul away.

2 I would but can't repent,
 Tho' I endeavour oft ;
 This stony heart can ne'er relent,
 'Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would but cannot love,
 Tho' woo'd by love divine ;
 No arguments have power to move
 A soul so base as mine.

4 I would but cannot rest
 In God's most holy will ;
 I know what he appoints is best,
 Yet murmur at it still.

5 O could I but believe ;
 Then all would easy be ;
 I would but cannot—Lord relieve ;
 My help must come from thee.

1 But if indeed I would,
 Tho' I can nothing do ;
 Yet the desire is something good,
 For which my praise is due.

2 By nature prone to ill,
 'Till thine appointed hour,
 I was as destitute of will,
 As now I am of pow'r.

3 Wilt thou not crown at length,
 The work thou hast begun ?
 And with a will afford me strength,
 In all thy ways to run.

H Y M N 97.

Apostacy.—“*Will ye also go away ?*”
 WHEN any turn from Zion's way
 (Alas ! what number do !)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 “ Wilt thou forsake me too ?”

2 Ah ! Lord, with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast ;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power I know,
 To save a wretch like me :
 To whom or whither could I go,
 If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,
 Thou art the Christ of God,
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.

4 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my case;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace,

5 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
If I will also go?
Yet, Lord relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, No.

H Y M N 98.

The Complainant reformed.

I set myself against the Lord,
Despis'd his spirit and his word,
And wish'd to take his place;
It vext me sore that I must die,
And perish too eternally,
Or else be sav'd by grace.

2 Of every preacher I'd complain,
One spoke thro' pride, and one for gain,
Another's learning's small;
This spoke too fast, and that too slow,
One pray'd too loud, and one too low,
The other had no call.

3 With no professors could I join,
Some dress'd too mean and some too fine,
And some did talk too long;

Some had a tone, some had no gift,
 Some talk'd so weak, and some so swift,
 That all of them were wrong.

4 I thought they'd better kept at home,
 Than to exhort where'er they come,
 And tell us of their joys ;
 They'd better keep their gardens free
 From weeds, than to examine me,
 And vex me with their noise.

5 Kindred and neighbours all were bad,
 And no true friends were to be had,
 My rulers too were vile ;
 But I at length was brought to see,
 The fault did mostly lie in me,
 And had done all the while.

6 The horrid loads of guilt and shame
 (Being conscious too I was to blame)
 Did wound my frightened soul ;
 I've sinn'd so much against my God,
 I'm crouch'd so low beneath his rod,
 How can I be made whole ?

7 But there is balm in Gilead,
 And a physician to be had,
 A balsam too most free ;
 Only believe on God's dear son,
 Thro' him the victory is won,
 Christ Jesus dy'd for me.

8 For Christ's free love's a boundless sea ;
 What ! to expire for such as me ?
 Yes 'tis a truth divine ;
 My heart did melt, my soul o'errun
 With love to see what God had done,
 For souls as mean as mine.

9 Now I can hear a child proclaim
 The joyful news, and praise the name
 Of Jesus Christ my king ;
 I know no sect, Christians are one,
 With my complaints I now have done,
 And God's free grace I sing.

10 Glory to him who gave his son,
 To die for crimes which we had done,
 And made salvation mine ;
 For as we'd sold ourselves for nought,
 So without money we are bought,
 A blessed truth divine.

11 Come saints rejoice in Christ your king,
 His solemn praises sweetly sing,
 And tell the world his love ;
 Sinners invite for to receive
 Of God's free grace, and not to grieve
 The holy sacred dove,

12 All those who do an int'rest gain,
 In the bless'd Lamb that once was slain,
 Will surely happy be ;
 Their loud hosannahs they shall raise,
 A monument of God's high praise,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N 99.

Self denial ; or taking up the Cross, Mark viii. 38. Luke ix. 26.

ASHAM'D of Christ ! my soul disdains
 The mean ungenerous thought ;
 Shall I disown that friend whose blood
 To man salvation brought ?

2 With the glad news of love and peace,
From heav'n to earth he came ;
For us endur'd the painful cross,
For us despis'd the shame.

3 At his command we must take up
Our cross without delay :
Our lives, and thousand lives of ours,
His love can ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer Jesus views,
With infinite delight ;
Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
Are precious in his sight.

5 To bear his name, his cross to bear
Our highest honor this !
Who nobly suffers now for him,
Shall reign with him in bliss.

6 But should we in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus the judge, before the world,
The traitor will deny.

HYMN 100.

The Pearl of great Price. MAT. XIII. 46.

Ye glittering toys of earth adieu,
A nobler choice be mine ;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense ;
Inestimable worth appears,
The pearl of price immense.

3 Jesus to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet !
Jesus in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honor, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies at my call,
Their boasted stores resign ;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Shou'd earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd ;
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be forever bless'd.

6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine ;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

H Y M N 101.

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee,
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glory shines thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus, sooner far,
Let evening blush to own a star,
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, just as soon,
Let midnight be ashamed of noon,
Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

4 Asham'd of Jesus, that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend :
 No ; when I blush be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.

5 Asham'd of Jesus ! Yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 'Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
 And O, may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

7 [His institutions would I prize,
 Take up my cross, the shame despise,
 Dare to defend his noble cause,
 And yield obedience to his laws.]

—
 H Y M N 102.

On Israel's fall.

Does it not grief and wonder move,
 To think of Israel's dreadful fall,
 Who needed miracles to prove,
 Whether the Lord was God, or Baal.

2 Methinks I see Elijah stand,
 His features glow with love and zeal,
 In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
 And makes to heav'n his great appeal.

3 O God if I thy servant am,
 If 'tis thy message fills my heart,
 Now glorify thy holy name,
 And shew this people who thou art.

4 He spake, and lo ! a sudden flame,
 Consum'd the wood, the dust, the stone,
 The people struck at once proclaim,
 " The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him we mourn an awful day,
 When more for Baal than God appear,
 Like him believers, let us pray,
 And may the God of Israel hear.

6 Lord if thy servant speaks the truth,
 If he indeed is sent by thee,
 Confirm the word to all our youth,
 And let them thy salvation see.

7 Now may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
 Consume each hurtful vain desire,
 And make them know thou art the Lord.

H Y M N 103.

The Coronation of Christ.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall,
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from the altar call,
 Extal the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.



4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 Babes, men and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall;
 Now joy with all the host above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

6 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall,
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

H Y M N 104.

The Preacher's Farewell.

BRETHREN I bid you all farewell,
 And from my very heart,
 Affectionately I do tell,
 That you and I must part.

2 And if I see you not again,
 I trust that I can say,
 My labor shall not be in vain,
 That I have spent this day.

3 I trust I can to record call,
 All you that hear me now,
 I have declar'd God's counsels all,
 As he did me endow.

4 I now depart, I leave you here,
 I leave you with the Lord,
 And may we all henceforth appear,
 To be of one accord.

5 And if we never meet again,
 While we on earth remain,
 O may we meet on Canaan's shore,
 And never part again.

6 There we shall join to sing God's praise,
 And all his wonders tell,
 And triumph in his holy ways,
 So brethren fare you well.

H Y M N 105.

The Christian's Warrant.

1 Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
 From them let us learn to trust in our head ;
 His saints, what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
 So long as it's written, the Lord will provide.

3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost,
 On perilous deeps, but shall not be lost ;
 Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
 Yet scripture engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we'll obey, like Abram of old,
 We know not the way, but faith makes us
 bold,
 For tho' we are strangers we have a sure
 guide,
 And trust in all dangers the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up the path,
And fills us with fears, we'll triumph by faith,
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd),
The heart-cheering promise, the Lord will

[provide.]

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd,
This answers all questions—the Lord will

[provide.]

7 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' own name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us thro';
No fearing nor doubting with Christ on our side
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

H Y M N 106.

The attraction of the cross.—JOHN xii. 32.

YONDER—amazing sight! I see
Th' incarnate son of God,
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And welt'ring in his blood.

2 Behold a purple torrent run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun,
His groans awake the dead.

3 The trembling earth the dark'ned sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And with th' amaz'd Centur'an cry,
“This is the son of God!”

So great, so vast a sacrifice,
 May well my hope revive ;
 God's own son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure may live.

O that these cords of love divine,
 Might draw me, Lord, to thee !
 You hast my heart, it shall be thine,
 Thine it shall ever be.

—
 H Y M N 107.

Precious Promises.—2 PETER, iii. 4.

Now firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Laid for your faith in his excellent word,
 What more can he say than to you he hath said
 To you who unto Jesus for refuge have fled ?

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
 Poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
 At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea;
 As thy days may demand so shall thy strength
 Be.

Fear not, I am with thee. O be not dismay'd,
 I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
 To stand
 Unshak'd by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When thro' the deep waters, I call thee to
 The rivers of woe shall not thee o'erflow, [go,
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall
 Lie,
 Thy grace all-sufficient shall be thy supply ;

The flame shall not hurt thee I only design,
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

6 Evendown to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
That soul tho' all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake.

H Y M N 108.

Pleading with God under Afflictions,

Why should a living man complain
Of deep distress within ;
Since ev'ry sigh and ev'ry pain,
Is but the fruit of sin.

2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,
Nor ever dare rebel ;
Yet sure I may here at thy feet ;
My painful feelings tell.

3 Thou seest what floods of sorrows rise,
And beat upon my soul ;
One trouble to another cries,
Billows on billows roll.

4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,
My shipwreck'd soul is lost,
I'll I am tempted in despair,
To give up all for lost.

5 Yet thro' the stormy clouds I'll look,
Once more to thee my God,
O fix my soul upon a rock,
Beyond the raging flood.

6 One look of mercy from thy face,
Would set my heart at ease ;
One all-creating word of grace,
Will make the tempests cease.

H Y M N 109.

The Gospel Trumpet.

HARK ! how the Gospel trumpet sounds,
Thro' all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word,
To endless day.

2 Hail, all victorious conqu'ring Lord,
By all the heav'nly hosts ador'd
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation thro' thy name,
That we with thee might live and reign,
In endless day.

3 Fight on ye conquering saints, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

4 Thy blood dear Jesus once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt.

And sinners now may come to God,
 And find salvation through his word,
 And sail by faith upon that flood,
 To endless day.'

5 Thro' storms and calms by faith we steer,
 By feeble hopes and gloomy fears,
 'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
 When sin and sorrows are no more,
 We shout our trials there all o'er,
 To endless day.

6 Then we shall in sweet chorus join,
 With saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be our theme above,
 In endless day.

H Y M N 110.

A word of comfort to the Lambs of Christ.

BLESS'D be my God that I was born
 To hear the joyful sound ;
 That I was born to be baptiz'd,
 Where gospel truths abound.

2 Bless'd be my God for what I see,
 My God for what I hear ;
 I hear such blessed news from heav'n,
 Not earth nor hell I fear.

3 I hear my Lord for me was born,
 My Lord for me did die,
 My Lord for me did rise again,
 And did ascend on high.

4 On high he stands to plead my cause,
 And will return again,
 And set me on a glor'ous throne,
 That I with him may reign.

5 Glory to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
 Glory to God alone.

—
HYMN 111.

Soul thirstings from Heaven,

STILL out of the deepest abyss
 Of trouble I mournfully cry ;
 And pine to recover my peace,
 And see my Redeemer and die :
 I cannot, I cannot forbear
 These passionate longings for home ;
 O ! when shall my spirit be there ;
 O ! when will the messenger come.

2 Thy nature I long to put on,
 Thine image on earth to regain ;
 And then in the grave to lay down,
 This burden of body and pain.
 O ! Jesus in pity draw near,
 And lull me to sleep on thy breast,
 Appear to my rescue, appear
 And gather me into thy rest.

3 To take a poor fugitive in,
 The arms of thy mercy display ;
 And give me to rest from all sin,
 And bear me triumphant away ;

Away from a world of distress,
 Away to the mansions above ;
 A heaven of seeing thy face—
 A heaven of feeling thy love.

HYMN 112.

A Parting Hymn.

LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Send it to us from above ;
May we all go home a praising,
 And rejoicing in thy love ;
 Farewell brethren farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet above.

2 Pardon Lord now all our follies,
 While together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from ev'ry sin,
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy presence Lord go with us
 To each ones respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus,
 Rest upon us ev'ry one ;
 Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
 'Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN 113.

Prayer answered by Crosses.

I ASK'D the Lord that I might grow,
 In faith and love and ev'ry grace ;
Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.

¶ "Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he I trust has answer'd prayer ;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

¶ I hop'd that in some favor'd hour,
At once he'd answer my request ;
And by his love constraining power,
Subdue my sins and give me rest,

¶ Instead of this he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart ;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

¶ Yea more, with his own hand he seem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe ;
Cross'd all the fair design's I schem'd,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

¶ Lord why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death ?
¶ "Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
I answer prayer for grace and faith.

¶ " These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free ;
And break thy schemes o' earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

H Y M N 114.

Difficulties in the way of duty surmounted.
WHEN Abra'm's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went,
He met Rebeckah—told his wish—
Her parents gave consent.

2 Yet for ten days they urged the man
 His journey to delay :
 Hinder me not he quick reply'd,
 Since God hath crown'd my way.

3 'Twas thus I cry'd, when Christ the Lord
 My soul to him did wed ;
 Hinder me not, nor friends nor foes,
 Since God my way hath sped.

4 Stay, says the world, and taste a while
 My every pleasant sweet :
 Hinder me not, my soul replies,
 Because the way is great.

5 Stay, Satan my old master cries,
 Or force shall thee detain ;
 Hinder me not, I will be gone,
 My God has broke thy chain.

6 In all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue :
 Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
 For I must go with you.

7 Thro' floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
 I'll follow where he goes ;
 Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
 Tho' earth and hell oppose.

8 Thro' duty and thro' trials too,
 I'll go at his command ;
 Hinder me not, for I am bound,
 To my Immanuel's land.

9 And when my saviour calls me home,
 Still this my cry shall be ;
 Hinder me not, come welcome death,
 I'll gladly go with thee.

H Y M N 115.

*God's sorrow arising from the sufferings of
CHRIST.*

ALAS and did my Saviour bleed ?

And did my sovereign die ?

Wou'd he devote that sacred head,

"**F**or such a worm as I ?

C H O R U S.

Thanks to the Lamb, the loving Lamb,

Who dy'd on Calvary :

The Lamb was slain, from heav'n he came,

To bleed and die for me ;

The Lamb was slain, yet lives again,

To intercede for me.

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine,

And bath'd in its own blood,

While all expos'd to wrath divine,

The glorious sufferer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,

He groan'd upon the tree ?

Amazing pity ! grace unknown ?

And love beyond degree.

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,

And shut his glories in,

When God the mighty maker dy'd,

For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,

While his dear' cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,

And melt mine eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay,

The debt of love I owe ;

Here, Lord, I give myself away,

"**T**is all that I can do.

H Y M N 116.

The Youth's Resolution.

WHILE I am blest with youthful bloom,
I will adore the sacred lamb,
That bled and dy'd for me :
If God inspire my heart with grace,
And lets me see his shining face,
A pilgrim I will be.

2 I'll leave this world with all its toys,
And seek those far superior joys,
That doth in Jesus dwell :
If Jesus be my God and king,
Immortal triumph I will sing,
O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

3 A frowning world I will defy,
And all those flatt'ring charms deny,
If Jesus stands my friend :
Not long I have this storm to stand,
Of this ensnaring barren land ;
My conflict soon will end.

4 Jesus my friend my cause will plead,
Conduct my steps, supply my need,
And never let me fall :
Jesus will all my foes destroy—
Will be my life, my strength my joy ;
Jesus is all in all.

5 With joy I'll spend my fleeting days,
To sound abroad his heavenly praise,
And tell the world his love.
And when I quit this mortal stage,
I shall in sacred strains engage,
Among the saints above.

6 Where I shall with my Jesus dwell,
 In joys beyond what tongue can tell,
 On that immortal shore ;
 Jesus my love shall be my joy,
 His praises be my sweet employ,
 And part from him no more.

H Y M N 117.

U N I T Y

Let strife forever cease,
 And envy quit the field,
 Come join and live in love and peace,
 And to the gospel yield.

2 Let bitter words no more
 Among the saints remain ;
 Let ev'ry member ev'ry hour,
 Submit to Jesus' reign.

3 One Lord we have to fear,
 One faith we all confess ;
 To the same baptism adhere,
 And magnify free grace.

4 Then why should we contend,
 For meat and dink and dress,
 And crucify the Lord again,
 And pierce his wounds afresh.

5 When bitter words arise,
 Then Satan has his ends :
 We wound the heart and hands of Christ,
 Amidst his chosen friends.

6 No more we'll feel the flame,
 Nor judge ourselves too wise ;

H Y M N 124.

The Sinner's shame and confusion.

So foolish, so absurd am I,
 That nothing can be more ;
 Was ever such a monster seen
 Upon the earth before ?

2 I dare not look upon the earth,
 The witness of my sin :
 My conscience is a doom's day book,
 I dare not look within.

3 Upward I dare not cast my eyes,
 For there my judge doth sit ;
 Nor downward whence the smoke doth rise
 From the infernal pit.

4 How shall I answer at the bar
 Of him who is most pure ?
 I cannot answer for myself,
 Myself I can't endure.

5 And as myself I can't endure,
 Myself I cannot fly ;
 Thus fools do sell themselves for slaves,
 And what a slave am I !

6 My heart the seat of folly is,
 My life a life of sin ;
 Surely I am more brutal far,
 Than ever brute has been.

7 Is this my wit ? is this my way,
 To make a glorious name ?
 Are these the thanks I've paid to heaven ?
 Ah, what a beast I am !

1 The crown is fallen from my head,
 My royal robes are gone ;
 Confusion is my only cloak,
 And I must put it on.

2 I am not worthy of the earth,
 Nor worthy of the air,
 Nor worthy of the wat'ry drop,
 But of the damned's fair.

HYMN 125.

Invitation to Sinners.

Come sinners to the gospel feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind,
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 " Have me excus'd why will you say ?
 From health and life and liberty ;
 From all that is in Jesus giv'n,
 From pardon, holiness and heav'n.

3 Come then ye souls by sin opprest,
 Ye weary wanderers after rest ;
 Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 See him set forth before your eyes,
 Behold the bleeding sacrifice ;
 His offer'd love let all embrace,
 And freely now be sav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
 Shall sup with him and he with you,
 Come to the feast be sav'd from sin,
 For Jesus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay,
 This is the glorious gospel day ;
 Come in this moment at his call,
 And live to him who dy'd for all.

H Y M N 126.

Joy in the Holy Ghost.

My soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God my saviour and my God,
 I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home ;
 My sighs are turned into songs,
 The comforter is come.

3 Down from above the blessed dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love,
 This is my heavenly feast.

4 This makes me abba father cry,
 With confidence of soul ;
 It makes me cry my lord my God,
 And that without controul.

5 There is a stream that issues forth
 From God's eternal throne,
 And from the Lamb, a living stream,
 Clear as the chrystal stone.

6 The streams do water paradise,
 It makes the angels sing ;
 One cordial drop revives my heart,
 Hence all my joys do spring.

7 Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too ;
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know.

8 Eye hath not seen nor ear hath heard,
From fancy 'tis conceal'd,
What thou Lord hast laid up for thine,
And hast to me reveal'd.

9 I see thy face, I hear thy voice,
I taste thy sweetest love,
My soul doth leap, but O for wings,
The wings of Noah's dove !

10 Then should I flee far hence away,
Leaving this world of sin :
Then should my Lord put forth his hand,
And kindly take me in.

12 Then should my soul with angels feast,
On joys that always last ;
Bless'd be my God the God of joy,
Who gives me here a taste.

H Y M N 127.

Christians rejoicing in the Hope and Glory of God.

1 Lo ! we are journeying home to God,
Bid by the spirit come ;
And in the way his children trod,
We seek our father's home.

2 We walk a narrow path and rough,
And we are tir'd and weak ;
Yet soon shall we have rest enough,
In those bless'd courts we seek.

3 Nigh to the country we appear,
Stor'd with eternal bliss ;
We know we quickly shall be there,
In sight our city is.

4 Upon mount Zion's distant top,
A lamb our eyes behold ;
'Tis Jesus, look ye children up,
He calls us to his fold.

5 We see him with his raiment red,
As tho' besmear'd with blood,
As newly slaid he stands; he bled,
Us to redeem to God.

6 About him clad with snowy vests,
Appear a countless throng ;
These are his saints, his kings, his priests,
Who sung th' eternal song.

7 How blest, how more than happy these,
Who thus their Lord attend ;
We, brethren, in their hosts shall praise,
We soon shall there ascend.

HYMN 128.

A brief description of the children of God.
What poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze ?

2 Ah these are of a royal line,
All children of a king ;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo ! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despis'd ?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not appris'd.

4 But some of them seem poor distress'd,
And lacking daily bread ;
Ah they're of boundless wealth possess'd,
With hidden manna fed.

5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze ?
Why, that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.

6 Why must they shun the pleasant path,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

7 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

H Y M N 129.

Here I will dwell.

Ah me, I'm never well but when
I on my best beloved lean,
And then I'm never ill ;
Crosses and trials all are slight,
And pain is sweet and troubles light,
Come whatsoever will.

2 Here I could wish my greatest foe,
Might rest like me and happy know

The riches of the lamb ;
 The stree's would then be full of praise,
 Of Jesus' blood, his gracious ways,
 His mercy and his name.

3 If Jesus will perm^{it} me, I
 Will, leaning on him, live and die,
 And great the blessing count ;
 My life dear Lord, I'd live to thee,
 My death should also glorious be,
 Like Moses in the mount.

4 By sweet experience I'd proclaim
 Unto the followers of the Lamb,
 Hear me my friends, I'd say,
 For I am happy, I am well,
 Belov'd of God unchangeable,
 And with him night and day

H Y M N 130.

Delight of praise for the Holy Scriptures.

I BLESS the Lord who gives his word,
 To rule and guide me right ;
 To hear him say, love and obey,
 Affords supreme delight.

2 A holy joy, without alloy,
 With sacred transports flows
 From truth divine, I feel it mine,
 To give my soul repose.

3 With sacred love my passions move,
 I burn with strong desire ;
 With holy aim and inward flame,
 I feel my soul on fire.

4 By grace refin'd, my soul inclin'd
 Shall consecrate my days,
 As due to none but God alone,
 And give him all the praise.

H Y M N 131.

Longing for CHRIST.

COMPANIONS of thy little flock,
 Dear Lord we fain would be ;
 Our helpless hearts to thee look up,
 To thee our shepherd flee.

2 O might we lean upon that breast,
 Which love and pity fill,
 And now become those lambs carest,
 That in thy bosom dwell.

3 How sweet that voice, how sweet that hand;
 Which leads to pastures fair,
 Shews Cana'n's milk and honey land,
 Lot of thy flock so dear.

4 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,
 Directly come who will,
 Just as you are ; for Christ receives
 Poor helpless sinners still.

5 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,
 Grace only keeps us pure ;
 And O ! that nothing else but grace
 May rule forevermore.

6 As one in heart let's all rejoice,
 The sinner's friend to praise ;
 The shepherd dy'd ; O ! 'tis his voice ;
 He'll us to glory raise.

HYMN 132.

Meat and drink indeed.

To-DAY Immanuel feeds his sheep,
By the purchase of his blood ;
To-day Jehovah keeps his feast,
For all the sons of God.

2 The bread of God is freely giv'n
By the food of saints above ;
That living bread sent down from heav'n,
The fruit of pard'ning love.

3 Lo ! Christ our shepherd gave his life,
To answer all our need ;
His body crucified is meat,
His blood is drink indeed.

4 Ye hungry, thirsty souls draw near,
And living bread receive ;
Taste the provisions of your God,
And freely eat and live.

HYMN 133.

A N O T H E R.

ARISE, my soul, with wonder see,
What love divine for thee hath done ;
Behold thy sorrow, sin and grief,
Are laid on God's eternal son.

2 See, from his head, his hands his feet,
Sorrow and grief, flow mingling down ;
Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown ?

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 134.

The remembrance of Christ in the supper.

CHRIST, in that night he was betray'd,
Took bread, gave thanks, it brake and said,
My broken body here you see,
Take, eat it and remember me.

2 Thus also he the cup did take ;
Here's healing blood, shed for your sake,
Which doth my test'ment ratify ;
Let all drink and remember me.

3 Your pardon, with what's for your goods,
Is purchas'd with my dearest blood ;
My blood to you makes pardon free ;
In drinking then remember me.

4 For hungry souls here's manna rare
God sends from heaven for your fare ;
This manna falls now plenteously ;
In eating then remember me.

5 Here God sits on a throne of grace,
Where sinful men may see his face ;
My blood procures your access free ;
In drinking then remember me.

6 See here the tree of life, with fruit,
And leaves which heal, and strength recruit ;
These I shake down, poor soul, to thee ;
Eat freely, and remember me.

7 See Jacob's ladder here set up,
A covenanting God at top ;
Climb, and God will transact with thee ;
In doing this remember me.

8 Hence runs of life the river pure,
Which our soul's wounds doth cleanse & cure
It freely runs to all, you see ;
Drink by faith and remember me.

H Y M N 135.

Marriage Hymn.

LORD, from thy throne of flowing grace,
Thy choicest blessings give ;
And on thy servants cause thy face
To shine, and they shall live.

2 Enrich them with thy heav'nly grace,
Unite their hearts in love,
May they in all thy holy ways
To thee themselves approve.

3 Let harmony and holy love,
And friendsh'p ever run
Thro' all their thoughts and life to prove,
Of twain they now are one.

4 Allure them, Jesus ! with thy charms,
And joyfully they'll flee,
By faith and love into thine arms,
And thus be one in thee.

5 Adorn their houses, adorn their ways,
With fruit divinely fair ;
So in this world they'll shew thy praise,
In the next thy glory share.

H Y M N 136.

The Beggar's Prayer.

ENCOURAG'D by thy word,
Of promise to the poor

Behold a beggar, Lord,
 Waits at thy mercy door :
No hand, no heart, dear Lord, but thine,
 Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's usual plea,
 Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
 I know thou would disdain :
But those which move thy gracious ear,
 Are such as men would scorn to hear.

3 I have no right to say
 That tho' I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
 When I possessed more :
Thou knowest from my very birth,
 I've been the poorest wretch on earth.

4 Nor dare I to profess
 As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my distress,
 My faults have been but few :
If thou should leave my soul to starve,
 It would be what I should deserve.

5 Nor dare I to pretend
 I never begg'd before ;
And if thou now befriend,
 I'll trouble thee no more :
Thou often hast reliev'd my pain,
 And often I must come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
 For such a wretch as I,
No less than children's food
 My soul can satisfy ;

O do not frown, and bid me go ;
I must have all thou canst bestow.

7 Now can I willing be
Thy bounties to conceal
From others who like me,
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

8 Thy ways, thou only wise,
Our thoughts and ways transcend,
Far as the arched skies
Above the earth extend :
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

—

H Y M N 137.

For the New-Year.

Hail the new year that's now begun,
Now let us all to God return :
From sinful ways may we all cease,
And with each other live in pace.

2 While thousands have been call'd away,
Yet still we live to see this day ;
With thanks to God then all draw near,
To celebrate the happy year.

3 While many are sick and confin'd,
Others deprived of sense and mind,
We yet retain them bright and clear,
To celebrate the happy year.

4 Then let us all to God repair,
 And offer him our praise and pray'r.
 Now unto him may we draw near,
 To celebrate the happy year.

5 And now forsake all vice and sin,
 And the new year with God begin ;
 Then with great joy we shall appear,
 To celebrate the happy year.

6 Then truly happy such will be,
 Who from all sin do always flee,
 And unto Christ will now give ear,
 Such we do wish a happy year.

7 All those who see their undone state,
 Leaving their all for Jesus' sake,
 To such we can with joy sincere,
 Wish them a happy, happy year.

8 All those who now are born again,
 And in Christ Jesus do remain,
 All such as those we do not fear,
 They will enjoy a happy year.

9 But true religion still we find,
 Gives the most peace unto the mind ;
 Possessors of it will appear
 To wish us all a happy year.

H Y M N 138.

On the great duty of prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
 In coming to the mercy seat ;

Yet, who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the darkest clouds withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

3 Restraining pray'r we cease to fight,
Pray'r makes the Christian's armour bright,
And satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Isr'el's side :
But when thro' weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amaleck prevail'd.

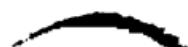
5 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creatures' ears
With the sad tale of all your cares.

6 Were half our breath, thus vainly spent,
To heav'n in supplication sent,
Our cheerful songs would often be,
Hear what the Lord has done for me.

HYMN 139.

The Work of a Minister.

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
Thy Ministers their tribute bring ;
Their tribute of united praise,
For heav'nly news and peaceful days.



2 We sing the conquest of thy sword,
 And publish loud thy healing word :
 While angels sound thy glorious name,
 Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.

3 Thy various service we esteem,
 Our sweet employ, our bliss supreme,
 And while we feel thy heav'nly love,
 We burn like seraphims above.

4 Nor seraphs there can ever raise,
 With us an equal song of praise :
 They are the noblest work God,
 But we the purchase of his blood.

5 Still in thy work we would abound,
 Still prune the vine or plough the ground :
 Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
 And watch them with unweary'd heed.

6 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
 Our care below, our crown above ;
 Thy praise shall be our best employ,
 Thy presence our eternal joy.

H Y M N 140.

Christ's Crucifixion.

Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine press treads alone,
 Tears the graves and mountains up,
 By his expiring groan :
 Lo ! the pow'rs of heav'n he shakes,
 Nature in convulsion lies.

Earth's profoundest centre quakes,
The great Jehovah dies.

2 Dies the glorious cause of all,
The true eternal plan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful men ;
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the suff'rer sympathise,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his creator dies.

3 O, my God he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
Seeing him hanging on the tree,
A sight that breaks my heart !
O, that all to thee might turn ;
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him, ye pierc'd, and mourn,
For one who bled for you.

4 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love :
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above ;
Lives our head to die no more,
Pow'r is all to Jesus giv'n.
Worship'd as he was before,
The immortal King of heav'n.

H Y M N 141.

Christ's Ascension.

MAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

151

Christ awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heav'n,
There the pompous triumph waits ;
" Lift up your head, eternal gates !
" Wide unfold the radient scene,
" Take the king of glory in !

2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own ;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

3 Master (may we ever say)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servant, see,
Ever gazing up to thee !
Grant, tho' parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height—
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home ;
There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign,
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN 142.

For a Person under Temptation.

Jesus, lover of my soul;
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O, my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none :
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee —
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All mine help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind !
 Just and holy is thy name :
 I am all unrighteousness !
 Vile and full of sin I am;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee I found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within ;
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

HYMN 144.

*The Christian's complaint, and prayer for the im-
penitent.*

Ah ! woe is me constrain'd to dwell
Among the sons of night :
Poor sinners dropping into hell,
Who hath the gospel light.

2 Wild as the untam'd Arab's race,
Who from their Saviour fly,
And trample on his pard'ning grace,
And all his threats defy.

3 Yet here alas ! in pain I live,
Where Satan keeps his seat,
And day by day for those I grieve,
Who will to sin submit.

4 With gushing eyes their deeds I see,
Their punishment is nigh,
I ask with him who ransom'd me,
Why will you sin and die ?

5 Jesus, redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving pow'r ;
Thy mercy let those outcasts find,
To know their gracious hour.

6 Ah ! give them Lord, a longer space,
Nor suddenly consume :
But let them take the proffer'd grace,
And flee the wrath to come.

7 Open their eyes and ears, to see
Thy cross, to hear thy cries,

Sinner thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

8 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive ;
And shews his wounds and spreads his hands
And bids you turn and live

HYMN 145.

The year of Jubilee.

Blow ye the trumpet blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinner's home.

2 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return to your eternal home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb ;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world proclaim ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.

HYMN 146.

Praise for the hope of Glory.

I sojourn in a vale of tears,
Alas, how can I sing !

1 My harp doth on the willows hang,
Untun'd in every string.

2 My music is a captive's chains,
Harsh sounds my ears do fill ;
How shall I sing sweet Zion's songs
- On this side Zion's hill ?

3 Yet lo ! I hear the joyful sound,
Surely I'll quickly come ;
Each word much sweetness doth distill,
Like a full honey comb.

4 And dost thou come my dearest Lord ?
And dost thou surely come ?
And dost thou surely quickly come ?
Methinks I am at home.

5 Come then my dearest, dearest Lord,
My sweetest surest friend ;
Come, for I loath those Kedar tents,
The fiery charriot send.

6 What have I in this barren land ?
My Jesus is not here ;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blest until
My Jesus doth appear.

7 My Jesus is gone up to heav'n,
To get a place for me ;
For 'tis his will that where he is,
There shall his servants be.

8 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top,
Of Canaan's grapes I taste ;
My Lord who sends unto me here,
Will send for me at last.

9 I have a God that changeth not,
 Why should I be perplext ?
 My God that owns me in this world,
 Will own me in the next.

10 My dearest friends they dwell above,
 Them will I go to see,
 And all my friends in Christ below,
 Will soon come after me.

H Y M N 147.

The Sinner's Fears.

Alas ! for I have seen the Lord,
 With a drawn sword he stood ;
 Now might he sheathe it in my flesh,
 And bathe it in my blood.

2 I've dar'd him with my mighty sins,
 As if he was too slow :
 But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
 As an enraged foe.

3 What shall a guilty sinner do,
 When justice does appear ?
 O whither shall I flee from him,
 Whose place is ev'ry where ?

4 As I can neither stand nor fly,
 So neither can I bear
 The mighty hand which grinds the rocks,
 And doth foundations tear.

5 My pale, my poor, my trembling soul,
 Does start at every thing ;
 It hourly fears huge hosts of wrath,
 From this incensed king.

6 Should he but his commission grant,
All creatures would engage
Against me as their foe profess'd,
With an united rage.

7 My fears are just, I deserve hell;
And 'tis my proper hire :
But who can dwell—O who can dwell
With everlasting fire !

HYMN 148.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

Composed on the tolling of a Bell.

HARK ! my gay friends that solemn toll
Speaks the departure of a soul !
'Tis gone, that's all we know—not where,
Or how the unbody'd soul doth fare.

2 In that myster'ous world none knows
But God alone to whom it goes ;
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

3 Oh ! by what glimm'ring light we view,
The unknown world we're hast'ning to !
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage !

4 Wise heav'n to render search perplext,
Has drawn 'twixt this world and the next,
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen !

5 We talk of heaven, we talk of hell,
But what they mean no tongue can tell !

Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the chaos of despair !

6 But what these awful words imply,
None of us know until we die !

Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

7 This hour perhaps our friend is well ;
Death-struck the next, he cries farewell ?
I die—and then for ought we see,
Ceases at once to breathe and be,

8 Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore,
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more,
Then undirected to repair
To distant worlds we know not where.

9 Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun :
Or twice ten thousand more thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold !

10 And yet who knows, if friends we lov'd,
Tho' dead, may be so far remov'd :
Only this veil of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us tho' unseen.

11 Whilst we their loss lamenting say,
They're out of hearing far away ;
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.

12 And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they lie ;
Tho' concious whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know. :

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

13 As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep the secrets of their state,
To tell their joys or pains to none,
That man might live by faith alone.

14 Well, let my sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees,
Why should I wish him to reveal
What he thinks proper to conceal ?

15 It is enough that I believe,
Heaven's brighter than I can conceive ;
And he that makes it all his care
To serve God here shall see him there.

16 But oh ! what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay ?
How sudden the surprise, how new !
Let it, my God, be happy too.

H Y M N 149.

Faith's Review and expectation.

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound,
That sav'd a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd ;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come ;

*Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yet, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease ;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow ;
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be forever mine.

H Y M N 150.

The Joy of the Lord, is your strength.
Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known ;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love ;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine ;
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable ! divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
 And sanctify the mind :
 Which makes the spirit mount on high,
 And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
 But if you are the Lord's ;
 Resign to them that know him not,
 Such joys as earth affords.

H Y M N 151.

O that I were as in months past !

SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Apply'd to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;
 And when the ev'ning shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.

3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
 The world no more could charm ;
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,
 And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw his glories shine ;

And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

5 Then to his saints I often spoke,
Of what his love had done :
But now my heart is almost broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns :
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My pray'rs are now a chatt'ring noise,
For Jesus hides his face ;
I read, the promise meets my eyes,
But will not reach my case.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my soul his prey ;
Yet Lord thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

H Y M N 152.

The Refuge, River and Rock of the Church.
He who on earth as man was known,
And bore our sins and pains ;
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
With an unerring skill :
And countless worlds extended wide,
Obey his sov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,
In yonder world above ;
His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 His righteousness, to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms ;
Affords a hiding place and shield,
From enemies and storms.

5 This land thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is desolate and dry ;
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirst to satisfy.

6 When troubles like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head ;
To this almighty rock they run ;
To find a pleasing shade.

7 How glorious he ! how happy they
In such a glorious friend !
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

H Y M N 153.

The Prodigal Son.

AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent ;
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent ;
Altho' he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store ;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

2 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
 "But hunger, shame and fear?
 My father's house abounds with bread,
 While I am starving here.
 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
 And fall before his face;
 Unworthy to be call'd his son,
 I'll seek a servant's place."

3 His father saw him coming back,
 He saw, and run, and smil'd;
 And threw his arms around the neck,
 Of his rebellious child.
 "Father, I've sinn'd—but O forgive!"
 "I've heard enough," he said,
 "Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourn'd as dead.

4 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around;
 My son was dead but lives again,
 Was lost but now is found."
 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveal'd,
 To call poor sinners home;
 More than a father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come,



H Y M N 154.

The Voice of Free Grace.

THE voice of free grace,
 Cries escape to the mountain,
 For Adam's lost race
 Christ has open'd a fountain



For sin and transgression and every pollution,
His blood it flows freely in plenteous effusion.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has purchas'd
our pardon, [Jordon,
We will praise him again, when we pass over

2 That fountain so wide,
In which all may find pardon ;
From Jesus' side,
Flows plenteous redemption ;
Though your sins are increased as high as a
mountain,
His blood it flows freely, like the streams of
a fountain.

Hallelujah, &c.

3 O Jesus ride on,
Thy kingdom is glorious,
Over sin, death and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious ;
Thy name shall be prais'd in the great con-
gregation,
And saints shall delight in ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah, &c.

4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the blest shore,
With our harps in our hand,
We'll praise him evermore ;
We will range the sweet fields on the banks
of the river.
And sing hallelujah, for ever and ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 155.

Invitation.

COME and taste along with me,
Consolation running free ;
From my Father's worthy home,
Sweeter than the honey-comb.

2 Wherefore should I thirst alone,
Two is better still than one ;
More that comes of free good will,
Makes the bargain sweeter still.

3 Saints in glory sing aloud,
For to see an heir of God
Coming in at heaven's door,
Making up the number more.

4 Goodness running like a stream,
Through the new Jerusalem.
By its constant breaking forth,
Sweetens Earth and Heaven both.

5 Though my body do its best,
For to keep me off from Christ :
Drawn by grace I come to him,
He alone can pardon sin.

6 Sinsful nature, lurking vice,
Cannot stop the work of grace ;
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.

When I go to heaven's store,
Asking for a little more ;
Jesus Gives a double share,
Calling me a gleaner there.

hen I go rejoicing home,
in the banquet of perfume ;
aning manna on the road,
pping from the mouth of god.

heaven here and heaven there,
isorts growing every where ;
I boldly can attest,
my soul has got a taste.

H Y M N 156.

The Christian's Looking Glass.

ome all you mourning pilgrims,
I feel your need of Christ,
ounded by temptation,
nd by the world despised ;
nd to what I tell you,
y exercise I'll shew,
then you may inform me
it's been so with you.

long time I've liv'd in darkness
saw my dismal state,
when I was enlighten'd
hought it was too late ;
t and hapless sinner
yself I plainly saw,
s'd to God's displeasure,
ndemned by the law.

hought the brute creation
ere better off than me,
nt my days in anguish,
pleasure could I see ;

Through deep distress and sorrow
 My Saviour led me on,
 But soon reveal'd his love to me,
 When all my hopes were gone.

4 When first I was deliver'd,
 I scarcely could believe
 To think so vile a sinner
 A pardon could receive :
 But when the solemn praises
 Were flowing from my tongue,
 Yet fears were often rising,
 That still I might be wrong.

5 But when these fears were banish'd,
 My tears began to flow,
 To think so vile a sinner,
 Should be beloved so ;
 I thought my trials over,
 And all my trouble gone,
 That peace and joy and pleasure,
 Should be my lot alone.

6 But soon I found a warfare,
 Which oftens brings me low,
 The world, the flesh, and Satan,
 They do beset me so :
 Can one that is a christian,
 Have such a heart as mine ?
 I fear I never felt
 The effects of love divine.

7 But when I see young converts,
 How swift they travel on,
 How shining their experience,
 They witness like the sun,

How bold they speak for Jesus,
 How dear they love his name;
 Tho' they are my delight,
 They put my soul to shame.

8 I find I'm often backward,
 To do my master's will,
 Or else I want the glory,
 Of what I do fulfil :
 In duty I am weak,
 And alas I often find,
 A hard deceitful heart,
 And a wretched wand'ring mind,

9 Sure others do not feel
 What is often felt by me ;
 Such trials and temptations
 Perhaps they never see :
 For I'm the chief of sinners,
 I freely own like Paul,
 And if I am a Christian
 I am the least of all.

10 And now I have related
 What trials I have seen,
 Perhaps my brethren know
 What sore temptations mean :
 I've told you of my conflicts,
 Believe me, for it's true :
 And now you may inform me
 If it's been so with you.

H Y M N 157.

Longing for Christ, or the faithful soldier.
 O when shall I see Jesus.
 And reign with him above,

2 And drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love.
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.

3 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And told me not to fear ;
And if I hold out faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give ;
Lo, all his valient soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

4 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, tho' I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love to fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid you all adieu ;
Then, O my friends be faithful,
And on your way pursue.

5 And if you meet with trials
And trouble on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
That when the contest's ended,
He'll carry you above.

6 O do not be discourag'd.
Since Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.

He never will upbraid you,
 Tho' often you request ;
 He'll give you grace and glory,
 And take you up to rest.

H Y M N 158.

Invitation.

Now the Saviour stands a pleading
 At the sinners bolted heart,
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Undertaking sinners part.

CHORUS.

*Sinners, can you hate that saviour,
 Can you thrust him from your arms ;
 Once he dy'd for your behaviour,
 Now he calls you to his charms.*

2 Now he pleads his wounds and bloodshed,
 Shews his wounded hands and feet ;
 Father save them tho' they're blood-red,
 Raise them to a heavenly seat.

Sinners, &c.

3 Now he waits just to be gracious,
 Now he smiles and looks at thee ;
 See what kindness love and pity
 Shines around on you and me.

Sinners, &c.

4 Sinners here before you languish
 On a bed of dying strife ;

Endless joy or endless anguish,
Turns on the event of life.

Sinners, &c.

5 Open now your hearts before him,
Bid the Saviour enter in ;
Come and worship and adore him,
Take a full discharge from sin.

Sinners, &c.

6 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more ;
Come ye poor, ye blind and needy,
Come to Grace's boundless store.

Sinners, &c.

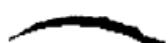
H Y M N 152.

Redemption.

Come friends and relations let's join heart and hand,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land ;
Let us all walk together, and follow the sound,
And march to the place where redemption is found.

2 The place it is hidden, the place is conceal'd ;
The place it is hidden, until 'tis reveal'd ;
The place is in Jesus, to Jesus we'll go
And there find redemption from sorrow and woe.

3 The place it is hidden by reason of sin,
Alas you don't see the sad state you are in ;



You are blinded, polluted, in prison and pain,
O how can such rebels redemption obtain !

4 And if you are wounded and bruis'd by the fall,

Then up and be doing, for you he doth call;
And if you are tempted to doubt and despair,
Then come home to Jesus, redemption is there.

5 And you my dear brethren that love my dear Lord,

Who have witness'd free pardon by faith in his word,

Let patience attend you wherever you be,
Your Saviour has purchas'd salvation for thee.

6 And when the arch-angel the trumpet shall sound,

And awake all the dead that sleep under ground,

The sound of that trumpet will bid you arise,
To meet your redemption with joy and surprise.

7 O then loving Jesus our souls will receive,
From bonds of corruption our bodies relieve,
Then we shall be perfect and we shall be free,
We'll sing of redemption wherever we be.

8 Redeemed from sin and redeemed from death,

Redeem'd from corruption, redeem'd from the earth.

Redeem'd from damnation, redeem'd from all woe,

We'll sing redemption wherever we go..

9 Redeemed from sin and redeem'd from
distress,
The fruits of redemption no tongue can ex-
press,
Redemption be ascribed to Jesus' love,
We'll sing of redemption in the heavens a-
bove.



H Y M N 159.

The Great Assize.

Lo th' Almighty King of glory
Sends his awful summons forth,
Calls the nations all before him,
From the East, South, West and North,
His Loud Trumpet ! His Loud Trumpet !
His Loud Trumpet !
Rends the tombs, the dead awake.

2 Now behold the dead arising ;
Great and small before him stand,
Not one soul forgot or missing,
None his orders countermand,
All stand waiting ! All stand waiting ! All
stand waiting !
For their last decisive doom.

3 Now the Saviour once despised,
Comes to judge the quick and dead,
See his foes each one with horror
Lifting up his guilty head :
How they tremble ! how they tremble ! how
they tremble !
At the Lambs tremendous bar.



4 Now they see him on the rainbow,
With his countless guards around ;
Saints and angels his retinue,
With their harps of sweeter sound ;
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Echoes sweet from all their choir.

A T A B L E,

TO FIND ANY HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

ADAM, our father and our head,	PAGE	47
Am I a soldier of the cross,		12
Awake my soul, stretch every nerve,		48
Awake my soul in joyful lays,		58
Asham'd of Christ, my soul despairs,		109
All hail the power of Jesus' name,		113
Alas and did my Saviour bleed,		125
Ah wretched soul who strives in vain,		129
Ah Lord, ah Lord, what have I done,		131
Ah me, I'm never well but when,		139
Arise my soul with wonder see,		142
Ah woe is me, constrain'd to dwell,		153
Alas for I have seen the Lord,		156
Amazing grace how sweet the sound,		159.
Afflictions, tho' they seem severe,		163.
BEHOLD a lovely vine,		28
Blessed be God for all,		94
Blest door of bliss to weary saints,		21
Brethren I bid you all farewell,		114
Bless'd be my God that I was born,		120
Blow ye the trumpet, blow,		154.
Before thy throne eternal king,		148
COME all ye weary travellers,		23
Come brethren and sisters,		2
Come ye redeemed of the Lord,		26
Come now poor sinners share a part,		29
For our Lord has ris'n to-day,		45
... ye sinners poor and wretched,		50

Children of the heavenly king,	76
Come all who've spent your blooming days,	88
Come and taste along with me,	166
Come all you mourning Pilgrims,	167
Come friends and relations,	172
Come sinners now approach your God,	89
Come to the glorious gospel feast,	100
Come sinners to the gospel feast,	135
Companions of thy little flock,	141
Christ in that night he was betray'd,	143
DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,	38
Didst thou dear Jesus suffer shame,	74
Diffuse thy beams and teach my heart,	83
Does it not grief and wonder move,	113
ETERNAL love the darling song,	83
Encourag'd by thy word,	144
FAREWELL my brethren in the Lord,	5
From whence doth this union rise,	44
Farewell vain world I bid adieu,	101
GREAT God of providence thy ways,	10
Great God my maker and my king,	14
Great God wherever we pitch our tent,	20
Great high Priest we view the stooping,	41
God's power and wisdom are display'd,	51
Go on ye pilgrims while below,	102
HAIL sov'reign love that first began.	8
He dies the heav'nly lover dies,	18
How free and boundless is the grace,	19
How tedious and tasteless the hours,	20
Hark hear the sound on earth is found.	42
Holy and reverend is the name,	61
Heav'nly thoughts create my song,	69

The tree of life my soul hath seen,	4
The day is past and gone,	15
Thine earthly sabbaths Lord we love,	25
*Tis a point I long to know,	36
The great tremendous day's approaching,	38
Throughout our Saviour's life we trace,	46
The man that views his guilt and sin,	54
The name of Christ how sweet it sounds,	67
The table spread my soul there spies,	70
Thus saith the Lord your master dear,	73
Thee will I love my Lord my tow'r,	82
The Saviour meets his flock to-day,	85
This God is the God we adore,	91
The worth of truth no tongue can tell,	92
That name to me sounds ever sweet,	94
Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright,	115
To-day Immanuel feeds his sheep,	142
The voice of Free Grace,	164
When pity prompts me to look round,	11
When the eternal bows the skies,	13
Weary of struggling with my pain,	31
When converts first begin to sing,	42
Well met dear friends in Jesus' name,	64
We in this tabernacle mourn,	80
Wand'ring pilgrims mourning Christians,	97
When any turn from Zion's way,	106
Why should a living man complain,	118
When Abram's servant to procure,	123
While I am blest with youthful bloom,	126
With tears of anguish I lament,	128
What poor despised company,	138
What various hindrances we meet,	147
You saints of light that shine so bright,	62
Ye glittering toys of earth adieu,	110
Yonder, amazing sight ! I see,	116









SEP 21 1956

